

# JEFFERSON JOURNAL

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In Our Midst:  
The Timeless Photos  
of Dorothea Lange



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## Focus On The Future

**A**s we welcome a new year, all of us at JPR are reminded of the special challenges and opportunities 2017 will bring.

In the wake of one of the most divisive Presidential elections in our history, there's a growing sense among the public radio stations around the country that we should see our enterprise with fresh eyes and re-examine how we can best serve citizens. While there's not yet a national consensus on how we might do that, some things are clear. With a President-elect who has challenged the role a free press plays in American society and the proliferation of fake news that has deepened the public's mistrust of the news media, public radio must expand the expensive work of independent, fact-based accountability journalism. We need to refocus our effort to shine light on the working of our government and question those in power. But, perhaps equally important, we need to tell the stories of our communities in new, compelling ways. If we tell these stories empathetically and in the context of the distinctive regional issues that touch people's lives, we have an opportunity to add something positive to the public dialogue. And perhaps, in a small way, we can be part of building bridges between people. It doesn't seem to me that we can succeed for very long as a country if we continue talking past each other (or not talking to each other at all), tuning into media channels that only confirm our predetermined view of the world, believing the idea that facts no longer matter and accepting as a new normal the cynical mistrust of our democratically elected representatives and institutions. We'll continue to do our best in the coming year to be a positive force in the communities we serve.

The new year will also bring uncertainty regarding the continuation of federal funding for public broadcasting. Under regular order, the topic would come up early in 2017 when the President-elect lays out his fiscal 2018 spending plan and it begins the process of being negotiated with Congress. Most of the uncertainty surrounding this issue comes from Trump's silence on the topic during the campaign. Unlike the last election, when Mitt Romney explained in the first presidential debate in 2012 how he would shrink the federal-budget deficit by eliminating non-essential funding, including public broadcasting, the issue didn't come up at all in the 2016 campaign. Pessimists are concerned that House Speaker Paul Ryan has made several attempts to defund the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB), which distributes funds to local stations. In 2007, Ryan supported an amendment to defund CPB entirely. In 2011, he voted in favor of a bill to eliminate support for NPR. And in 2014, as chairman of the House budget committee, his spending plan proposed eliminating federal funding for CPB. Opti-

mists point out that for the past two fiscal years, Congressional Republicans have chosen to include public broadcasting funding in their appropriations bills and that the Congressional committee leaders who have been responsible for this will be returning to serve in the next Congress. They also point to Vice President-elect Mike Pence's support for public broadcasting funding. As governor of Indiana, Pence restored state funding for public broadcasting that had been previously eliminated. In 2014, The Association of Public Television Stations presented its Champion of Public Broadcasting Award to Pence. We'll keep you apprised of how this issue develops in the coming year.

In 2017, we'll also see a significant change to JPR's *News & Information Service*. After nearly 40 years as host of *The Diane Rehm Show*, Diane Rehm is stepping away from the grind of hosting a daily radio show. On January 2nd, *The Diane Rehm Show* will be replaced with a new program being developed by NPR and WAMU called *1A*. Joshua Johnson has been selected as the host of the new program after a national search. Johnson will be moving to Washington DC from San Francisco, where he hosted the *RocketFuel Radio* podcast, created and hosted *Truth be Told*, a national special series on race, and was a morning newscaster on KQED/San Francisco. *1A* will strive to maintain the core values that made Diane's show important to many public radio listeners around the country - deep conversation about the thorniest issues of our times backed by in-depth analysis and the life experience of listeners. From our perspective, it will be positive to have a national program host with roots on the West Coast. As always, please share your feedback with us about the new program.

As we look ahead to the new year, we see enormous opportunity to serve our region. We continue to be passionate about giving voice to people from all walks of life and helping citizens make sense of key events through real journalism. We're also passionate about presenting inspired music - music that will lift your spirit, feed your sense of discovery and bring joy to daily life when you've had enough news. We recognize that the work ahead will be fueled by the generosity and goodwill of our listeners, and we'll work to earn your continued trust, confidence and support.



Paul Westhelle is  
JPR's Executive Director.





Migrant children. Merrill, Klamath County, Oregon. In unit of FSA (Farm Security Administration) mobile camp, Oct. 1939.  
Call Number: (Library of Congress) LC-USF34- 021986-C [P&P]



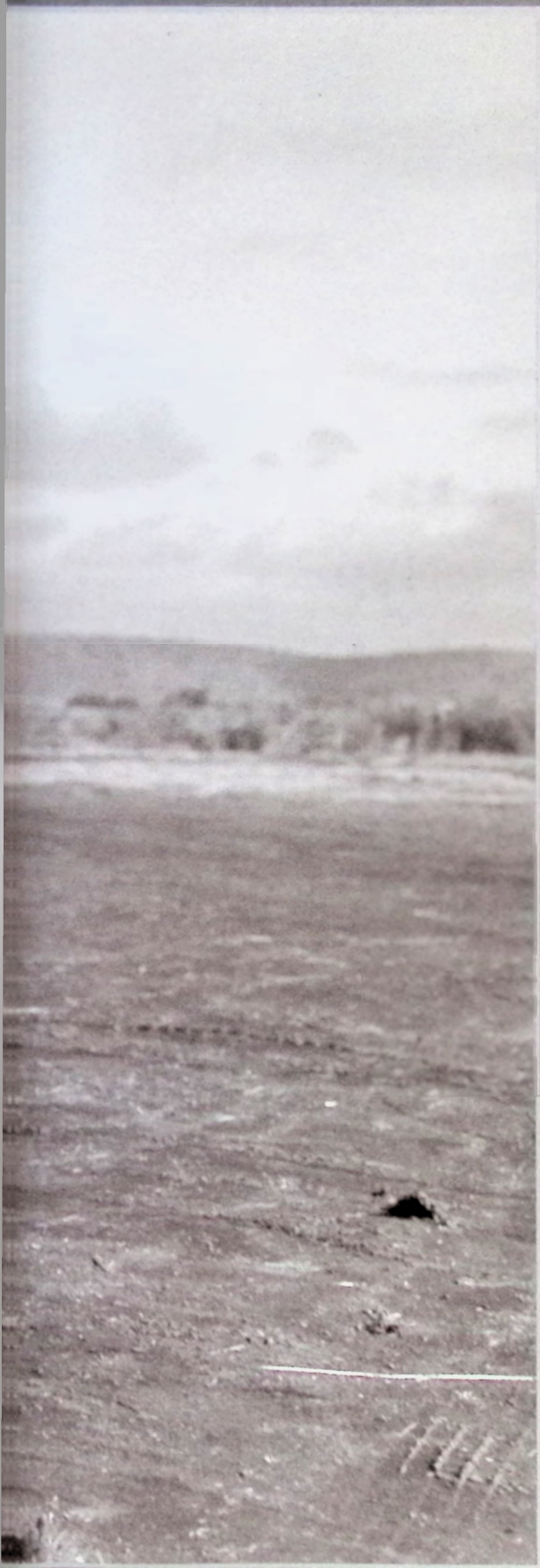


PHOTO COURTESY OF GRABAHUNKOFIGHTNING.COM

Dorothea Lange with her camera.

# In Our Midst The Timeless Photos Of Dorothea Lange

BY JENNIFER MARGULIS

**T**hree young children peek their faces out of a makeshift tent. The oldest two are smiling, looking at the camera. Their tow-headed baby brother is looking down, his fingers holding something unidentifiable to his mouth. If you look carefully you can just make out the face of a fourth child inside the darkness in the tent. The children's hair is tangled and their ill-fitting clothes are stained and filthy. The photo's caption reads, "Lighthearted kids in Merrill FSA Camp, Klamath County, Oregon."

Merrill, Oregon is a small town in Klamath County just five miles from the border with California. Today this rural area in south central Oregon has a population of just 845 residents and is best known for its yearly potato festival.

"People may say that progress and traffic move way too slow in Merrill," reads the city's website, "but just view it as an opportunity to take in the small town atmosphere and to revert back to when life was less demanding and less hurried."

But when Dorothea Lange was photographing life in a makeshift government camp in Merrill in 1939 (when the "Lighthearted kids" photo was taken), life was *very* demanding. Our country was in the





Was Nebraska farmer, now migrant farm worker in the West. Merrill, Klamath County, Oregon. September 1939 Merrill, Klamath, Oregon  
Call Number: (Library of Congress) LC-DIG-fsa-8b34833

OPPOSITE: Hop picker with her children goes from paymaster's window to company-owned store adjoining. She had earned forty two cents that morning, spent it for one pound bologna sausage, one package "Sensation" cigarettes, one "mother's cake." Oregon, Josephine County, near Grants Pass. August 1939. Josephine, Oregon.  
Call Number: (Library of Congress) LC-DIG-fsa-8b34599





midst of the Great Depression, hundreds of thousands of Americans were heading to the West Coast to find work, and families on the move were suffering from lack of food, exposure to the elements, and extreme poverty. Small children, more vulnerable to malnutrition, infectious diseases, and even stress, suffered the most.

Dorothea Lange may be less well-known today that she was a generation ago, but most Americans are still familiar with her startling photographs. Her most famous, “Migrant Mother,” photographed at a pea pickers’ camp in Nipomo, California in 1936, has become an icon of the poverty and hardship suffered during the Great Depression. The photo is a close-up of a weather-beaten 32-year old mother—later identified as Florence Thompson—her brow furrowed with worry. Three children cling to her, two of them with their faces turned away, the other a chubby infant cradled in her lap. *Migrant Mother*, like “Light-hearted kids” and so many of Dorothea Lange’s photographs, are images with striking details and composition, more akin to Rembrandt paintings than to documentary photography.

But even those well-versed in Dorothea Lange’s photography usually aren’t aware that Lange took over 800 documented photographs in JPR’s listening area including in Jackson, Josephine, Klamath, Douglas, and Siskiyou, Shasta and Mendocino and Humboldt counties.

“The neglect of these Northwest photographs is a pity,” writes Linda Gordon, Ph.D., in a 2009 article published in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*. Though Gordon—a professor of History at New York University who considers Portland, Oregon her hometown and author of the comprehensive biography *Dorothea Lange: A Life Beyond Limits*—refers to Lange’s Oregon photos as “second best” and argues that they “do not match

the stunning achievement of her Depression best,” Gordon concedes that some among them are masterpieces. As an adopted Oregonian with a keen interest in American history and people living on the margins, I find Lange’s Oregon and Northern California photographs as heart-stopping, heartbreaking, and culturally important as any of her better known work.

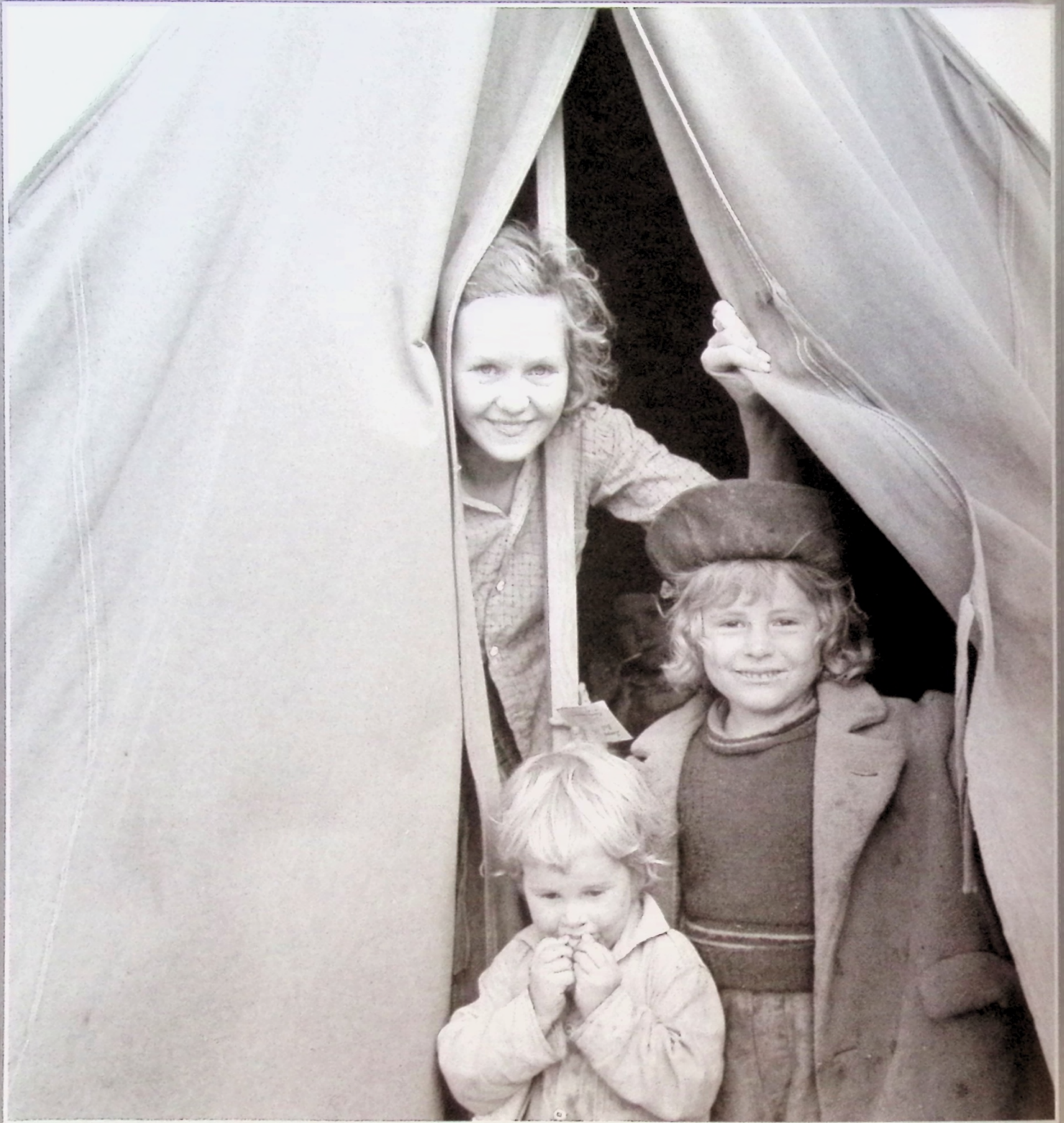
## Photographing life in the region during the Depression

Dorothea Lange was sent to our region by the FSA—the Farm Security Administration—a program under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture that was implemented to fight against rural poverty. The FSA sent writers and photographers into rural areas where Americans were hardest hit by the Great Depression. The goal of the federal government was multifold, as Dyanna Taylor details in the documentary film, “Grab a Hunk of Lightening,” she made about her grandmother Dorothea Lange’s life. The belief was that documenting the extreme poverty and devastating living conditions would help raise awareness of and sympathy for the families that were struggling the most. The program also created much-needed jobs for out-of-work writers and photographers.

When Lange came to Oregon, the state was mostly agricultural—over three quarters of the population depended on farming and forestry. While some energetic entrepreneurs—notably brothers Harry and David Rosenberg who inherited their father’s 240 acres of pear plantations in the Rogue River Valley—were able to utilize the inexpensive land in Southern Oregon by growing and selling specialty products to wealthy customers back East, for many life was difficult. Oregon was mostly rural expanses and its population was less than one million, four times smaller than it is today. Nearly a third of the farms in Oregon had fewer than twenty acres. Despite fertile soil and mild weather with temperatures conducive to growing a variety of crops, small family farmers lived modestly and worked hard, making less than \$800 a year. When the economy took a downturn in the Great Depression, family farmers in Oregon were hit hard.

People who lived through the Great Depression remembered “Black Tuesday,” as if it had happened yesterday. That stock market crash of October 29, 1929 catapulted the country into the most severe economic downturn it had ever experienced. Americans started to panic as the banks failed. I asked my grandmother about the day the bottom dropped off the American stock market when I was in sixth grade and we had been assigned John Steinbeck’s 1939 *The Grapes of Wrath*, a novel as iconic to that time period as Dorothea Lange’s photography (Lange and Steinbeck visited many of the same migrant camps and the *San Francisco News* used seven of her photographs to illustrate his articles). Even fifty years later, she remembered with sadness how unemployment rates soared, she and her friends felt hopeless, and the once so promising future—after ten years of economic prosperity—started looking very bleak. In 1929, however, President Herbert Hoover





Lighthearted kids in Merrill FSA camp, Klamath County, Oregon.  
 (Alternative title: Merrill, Klamath County, Ore. Oct. 1939. Farm security  
 administration mobile camp for migratory farm labor. Lighthearted kids).  
 Call Number: (Library of Congress) LC-USF34-021820-E

OPPOSITE: Young migrant mother has just finished washing.  
 Merrill FSA (Farm Security Administration) camp, Klamath  
 County, Oregon. October 1939. Merrill, Klamath, Oregon  
 Call Number: (Library of Congress) LC-DIG-fsa-8b34857





described the economic downturn as just a “passing incident in our national lives.” Hoover believed that the economic crisis would resolve on its own and insisted that it was not the federal government’s responsibility to try to fix things.

By 1932, things had gone from bad to worse and a devastating percentage of able-bodied American men were unable to find employment. By 1934 the Great Plains were experiencing severe droughts and dust storms. Farmers, who inadvertently created an environmental disaster by clear-cutting enormous swaths of forest to plant crops, reported insect infestations and crop failures. Inclement weather and huge wildfires made the land even less yielding. Recurrent windstorms (“black blizzards”) kicked up huge clouds of dust, choking cattle, killing livestock, and destroying crops. One Nebraska farmer remarked with disgust that the only thing he could raise on his farm was weeds and grasshoppers. These poor conditions drove an estimated 60 percent of families out of the region that became known as the Dust Bowl. These “Oakies” (though they often weren’t from Oklahoma) headed west in search of fertile soil and a better life. By 1940 well over two million people had left the Midwest, nearly 10 percent of them taking up permanent residence in California and at least 200,000 of them trying their luck in Oregon, according to historian Linda Gordon.

When Franklin Delano Roosevelt took office as president in March of 1933, he implemented a dramatically different government than Hoover. Roosevelt felt it was the responsibility of the federal government to stabilize the economy, provide jobs, and offer relief to the people who were suffering. Over his two terms in office, Roosevelt created a series of projects and programs, referred to collectively as the New Deal, aimed at restoring prosperity in America. The Farm Security Administration

was one of those programs and Dorothea Lange was one of the photographers who helped make it successful.

Lange took photographs in Siskiyou County, California and Oregon in the summer and fall of 1939. She traveled along the winding Highway 99 between Medford and Grants Pass, Oregon and Olympia, Washington—which was being used both by loggers and by migrating families—as well as along Highway 30 to Boise, Idaho. She documented migrant families on the road, life in temporary FSA tent camps, as well as people in small towns going about their business: a hop picker with two restless children at the paymaster’s window of a company-owned store in Josephine County, near Grants Pass (the accompanying caption explains that she bought one pound of bologna sausage, a pack of cigarettes and a “mother’s cake” with the forty-two cents she had earned that morning); a farm boy in a broad-brimmed straw hat and ripped dungarees reading the news in front of the latest magazines on sale at a corner store in Medford; a well-heeled new arrival to Oregon (“Mrs. Botner”) examining the rhubarb in a box in her cellar storage in Malheur County surrounded by the 800 cans of vegetables she put aside for the winter.

During this time it was common to see families, their possessions piled high in their vehicles, stuck on the side of the road. Some were there for a few hours but other families, their vehicles broken beyond repair or without money for gas, would end up living on the side of the road for weeks.

In another photo of children smiling taken near Merrill, Oregon in September of 1939, two boys wearing overalls and plaid shirts peer down from the back of a flat-bed truck that is covered over with canvas, reminiscent of the horse-drawn wagons from pioneer days. The family’s bedsprings are fastened to the side of the truck. The older boy leans far out, ready for action; his little brother looking impishly at the camera. The caption reads, “Just arrived from Kansas. On highway going to potato harvest,” and the image gives the impression that the children are gleefully anticipating their upcoming adventure. But a wider-angled photo in the same series paints a more subdued picture: the father kneeling by the back wheel, removing the nuts with a tire iron as he changes a seriously blown-out tire.

### **“A demanding, difficult, charismatic person”**

Though she spent most of her adult life living on the West Coast, Dorothea was actually born in Hoboken, New Jersey in 1895. Her father, Heinrich Nuthorn was a lawyer, her mother Johanna a homemaker. Her parents valued education and the arts and the family was comfortably middle class, but by most accounts Dorothea’s childhood was not easy. At seven she contracted polio, which permanently deformed her right foot and left her walking with a limp. When her father left her mother five years later, Dorothea Nuthorn stopped using his last name and took her mother’s maiden name, Lange, instead. With no means of support after Nuthorn abandoned the family, Dorothea’s mother took her and her brother Martin to live with her mother, who worked as a seamstress.





Oregon. Medford. Half-grown farm boy on main drugstore corner in town. August 1939 Medford, Jackson, Oregon  
Call Number: (Library of Congress) LC-USF34-020707

OPPOSITE: Family of six in tent after supper. Came to potato harvest after father was laid off of WPA (Work Projects Administration) in Boise, Idaho. Oldest child is twelve. Little boy has dysentery. Merrill, Klamath County, Oregon. In FSA (Farm Security Administration) mobile unit. October 1939. Merrill, Klamath, Oregon  
Call Number: (Library of Congress) LC-USF34-021917





"I know that her mother and grandmother both were very hard on her and made her walk all the time, as best she could," Lange's cinematographer Dyanna Taylor remembers, when I interview her on Skype about her remarkable grandmother. "Her limp was something they wanted to hide," she laughs sadly. "I think they were afraid she wouldn't be marriageable."

Dyanna Taylor is the granddaughter of Paul Taylor, Dorothea Lange's second husband. Her film, "Grab a Hunk of Lightning," which premiered on PBS in 2014, paints Lange as a feisty, energetic, adventurous young woman who wasn't afraid to skip school to walk the streets of New York's Bowery, knew with absolute clarity that she wanted to be a photographer even before she had ever held a camera, and was keenly interested from a very early age in documenting the truth about people's lives.

In her early twenties Dorothea Lange planned to travel the world with her best friend Florence ("Fronsie") Ahlstrom. But the day they landed by steamer in San Francisco they got pick-pocketed, losing all their money for the trip. Lange had to go to work, first as a photo finisher and later opening her own studio, which catered to San Francisco's wealthy families. But she soon became dissatisfied with boutique photography, turning instead to the unemployed men queuing in the bread lines she saw outside her window. In 1920 she married painter Maynard

Dixon, who was 20 years her senior, in 1920. They had two sons together, Daniel and John. Raising a family, which included Dixon's daughter Constance by a previous marriage, being an attentive artist's wife, and becoming a master photographer proved tremendously challenging, and for a time her sons were sent to live with foster families.

In 1935, still married to Dixon, Lange met Taylor's grandfather. Paul Taylor was a progressive economist with a keen interest in environmentalism and in helping the poor. Dyanna describes her grandfather as the second of Lange's great muses (the other being her first husband), a man deeply in love with Lange, supportive of her work, and mindful of the bigger political and sociological implications of her photography. Taylor had three children from his first marriage. Lange and Taylor both divorced their spouses in order to marry each other.

Talking to her granddaughter made me wonder if perhaps one of the reasons Lange so effectively captured pain and hardship in so many of her photographs was because her life was also marked by emotional and physical pain.

"My grandmother was a demanding, difficult, charismatic person," Taylor says honestly.

She was also often in physical pain, plagued with fatigue and muscle weakness from having survived polio (a condition





Young mother, twenty five, says "Next year we'll be painted and have a lawn and flowers." Rural shacktown, near Klamath Falls, Oregon. September 1939 Klamath Falls, Klamath, Oregon  
Call Number: (Library of Congress)  
LC-DIG-fsa-8534857

OPPOSITE: Young mother, aged twentytwo, has one little girl three years old. Merrill, Klamath County, Oregon. In mobile unit of FSA (Farm Security Administration) camp. New baby expected in December. During this year she has worked with her husband in: strawberries (Helvetia, Oregon); cherries (Salem, Oregon); beans (West Stayton, Oregon); hops (Independence, Oregon) is now in potato picker camp at the end of that season. "We haven't got a cent now and we've lost our car because we've helped some people out. It seems like it's taken every cent to eat off, that and travelling around." 1939 Oct.  
Call Number: (Library of Congress) LC-USF34-021921-E [P&P]





BELOW: Being interviewed via Skype, Dorothea Lange's granddaughter, filmmaker Dyanna Taylor, 64, holding up the Egyptian bracelet she inherited from Lange. Though best known for her Depression-era American photographs, Lange also took hundreds of photographs of people in other countries.



called post-polio syndrome) and with symptoms from undiagnosed esophageal cancer, which made it uncomfortable for her to eat, especially in the last year of her life.

But it was precisely because Lange was so unassuming and unimposing with a camera in her hands that she was able to get such candid shots.

"She would show her camera to the kids, limp around, talk to them. She was looking down into a Graflex or a Rolleiflex, bent over, and she was tiny," Dyanna Taylor explains. "Because she's lower than they are, she's ennobling her subjects as well, which is part of the beauty of her photographs. A lack of intimidation, a lack of having a camera in their face. That's part of what makes her pictures so honest."

Honest. Beautiful. Painful. Joyous. And all totally addictive. Whether it is a picture of the three crooked steps leading up to an old Catholic church on the edge of potato town in Klamath County, Oregon or the calves of a woman wearing stockings whose rips have been carefully sewn up time and again in San Francisco, California, you can't stop looking at the images of this master photographer. Dorothea Lange died in 1965 at the age of 70, leaving behind a body of work that is as timeless as it is historically important.

## For more on Dorothea Lange's FSA photographs visit

<http://www.loc.gov/pictures/>  
(search Dorothea Lange)

The photographs in the Farm Security Administration – Office of War Information Photograph Collection form an extensive pictorial record of American life between 1935 and 1944. This U.S. government photography project was headed for most of its existence by Roy E. Stryker, who guided the effort in a succession of government agencies: the Resettlement Administration (1935–1937), the Farm Security Administration (1937–1942), and the Office of War Information (1942–1944). The collection also includes photographs acquired from other governmental and non-governmental sources, including the News Bureau at the Offices of Emergency Management (OEM), various branches of the military, and industrial corporations. In total, the black-and-white portion of the collection consists of about 175,000 black-and-white film negatives.

## For a more detailed look at Dorothea's work by county visit

<http://photogram.maryale.edu/map/>



Jennifer Margulis, Ph.D., is an award-winning journalist, book author, and Fulbright grantee. A regular contributor to Jefferson Public Radio, she has published articles in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and on the cover of *Smithsonian* magazine. Her most recent book, co-authored with Paul Thomas, is *The Vaccine-Friendly Plan: Dr. Paul's Safe and Effective Approach to Immunity and Health, From Pregnancy Through Your Child's Teen Years* (Ballantine 2016). Read more about her at [www.jennifermargulis.net](http://www.jennifermargulis.net).



JES BURNS &  
CASSANDRA PROFITA

## Trump Victory Has Northwest Timber Towns Cheering

In this town of 1,200 people in the southwest corner of Oregon, neighborhoods end where stacks of sprinkler-soaked logs begin.

The town is surrounded by four sawmills in the heart of timber country.

Here in Douglas County, where about half of the land is owned by the federal government, Donald Trump won 64 percent of the county's vote in the presidential election. Trump's victory has this community and others in the Northwest Timber Belt cheering and hoping better times are ahead.

"Riddle is really a close-knit community. We have very little division here," said Riddle's longtime mayor Bill Duckett. "I think the people here in town, Douglas County, Southern Oregon are happy with how things came out. I am happy with the way things went."

The Northwest timber industry has changed dramatically over the past few decades. In the wake of environmental regulations and lawsuits, logging has declined on federal lands. Automation has reduced the number of jobs in the mills and forests. And the economy and trade deals haven't always been favorable.

But President-elect Trump has promised to change all that.

At a rally last May in Eugene, Trump appealed to rural Oregon and an industry he described as being hammered by federal regulation.

"Timber jobs have been cut in half since 1990," he told the crowd. "We're going to bring them up, folks. We're going to do it really right. We're going to bring them up, OK?"

Duckett said a Trump presidency opens up new opportunities in timber country.

"Some things are going to be changing," he said. "People were just tired of the same old same old. People were tired of promises and no results."

### What Trump Could Do

It's unclear exactly how Trump plans on changing the game for timber jobs in rural Oregon. But with help from the new Republican-controlled Congress, the timber industry sees potential in a few key areas:

**Easing restrictions in the Endangered Species Act**, a law that has allowed environmental groups to block timber sales



The town of Glendale, Oregon.



Two Swanson mills in Glendale, Oregon, employ 400 people. CEO Steve Swanson hopes to add another half shift at his lumber mill with an increased timber harvest on federal lands.

through lawsuits that argue logging will do too much harm to protected species such as the spotted owl.

**Simplifying regulations in the National Environmental Policy Act**, which requires federal agencies to review all of the environmental impacts of a timber sale and allows environmental groups to sue over impacts that aren't scrutinized closely enough.

**Increasing timber harvest on Bureau of Land Management forests** by passing a version of legislation sponsored by U.S. Rep. Greg Walden, R-Ore. His O&C Lands bill would put a large portion of the 2.4 million acres of BLM land scattered across 18 Oregon counties into a trust managed by the state.

**Improving the U.S. position in trade deals with Canada**, including the North American Free Trade Agreement and the Softwood Lumber Agreement. The timber industry argues these trade deals give Canada an unfair advantage in the lumber market.

**Replacing leadership in federal agencies such as the U.S. Forest Service**, which would help facilitate administrative changes in the Northwest Forest Plan and the National Environmental Policy Act that could streamline the process of pro-



posing timber sales on federal lands and reduce the opportunities for environmental groups to sue over missteps.

Jim Geisinger, executive vice president of Associated Oregon Loggers, said he's waiting to see who Trump appoints to key cabinet and administrative positions before he gets too optimistic about the potential for regulatory changes.

"We do think there are some opportunities to push the pendulum back our way a bit and hopefully benefit the industry and benefit the communities that depend on it," he said.

He's hoping to see a Trump administration will "streamline" the process of analyzing environmental impacts of logging on federal timber lands and reduce the legal requirements so that lawsuits won't be able to delay and ultimately block so many proposed timber sales.

"It's almost impossible now for a land management agency to write an environmental impact statement that can pass muster in federal court," he said. "It's very easy for an environmental lawyer, litigant, to find a 't' that wasn't crossed or an 'i' that wasn't dotted or an impact that wasn't examined as thoroughly as they wanted to see it examined."

## Can Trump Really Do All That?

The smell of Douglas fir permeates the cacophonous Swanson sawmill about thirty minutes to the south of Riddle in Glendale. This mill and a plywood plant down the road employ about 400 people.

"It's one of the best smells in the world: fresh-sawn lumber," said company CEO Steve Swanson. "This shift we've processed 1,470 logs."

Swanson said most of those logs are coming from private-owned timberland - but he'd like that ratio to change, given Glendale is surrounded by federally managed forests.

"When you look out here at landscape, when you look around, it's a sea of green," he said. "We live in a sea of green."

He's hoping a Trump administration could help give his mills an additional supply of timber, but he knows it still won't be easy - even with the GOP controlling Congress.

"But I'm realistic about what a single man can do in the White House," he said. "He's not the first Republican president we've had. His heart might be in right place, but it'll take a long time to get policies that have got us where we are, back on track again."

## Not Giving Up

Meanwhile, environmental groups are preparing for a fight.

Steve Pedery, conservation director for Oregon Wild, said he is worried the timber industry could make headway on its longstanding wish list that would result in fewer environmental protections.

But easing environmental regulations won't turn back the economic clock to the days before automation and technology claimed so many mill workers' jobs, he said.

"The reality of how the actual economy works and what's happened over the last 40 years is really going to be difficult to just wave a magic wand and change," said Pedery. "It makes a lot more sense to look to the future and how we can build on

the things that work today rather than looking back to 1974 and thinking about how we resurrect an economy that died 40 years ago."

History shows just having a Republican president and Republican-controlled Congress is not a guarantee of success.

"The Bush administration surrounded itself with some pretty smart people, and they weren't able to get a lot of this stuff done," he said.

Pedery said he's counting on Democrats like Oregon's U.S. Sens. Ron Wyden and Jeff Merkley to take a strong stand - to the point of filibustering - against congressional action that would unravel landmark environmental laws like the Endangered Species Act or the Clean Water Act.

"While things might seem pretty dark and I think a lot of Americans are still in shock, we've been through some pretty dark times before," he said. "I think at least speaking for the environmental community and my organization, the plan is not to curl up and go away. The plan is to fight harder than we did before."

## Too Soon To Say

With so few specific policy details released during Trump's candidacy, it's yet to be seen what tactics the new administration will take.

Walden, Oregon's only Republican congressman, said he has talked with Trump about changing federal forest management, "and he was very open to it."

"We've not had that kind of response under the current administration," he said. "It's been 'shut it down, lock it up, threatened monuments,' all of which is really divisive and not helpful."

Walden is hoping some version of his O&C Lands bill will gain new traction with the new leadership and allow for more logging on more than a million acres of BLM forests in Oregon.

But even he is waiting to see where Trump goes.

"On timber I think there are some positive things we could do moving forward," he said. "I'm not even going to begin to think I can speak for this new administration. They're trying to get organized and put together the first rung, the cabinet secretaries. And we'll see what direction they want to go."



Jes Burns is the Southern Oregon reporter for Earthfix, a collaboration of public media organizations in the Pacific Northwest that creates original journalism which helps citizens examine how environmental issues unfolding in their own backyards intersect with national issues. Earthfix partners include: Oregon Public Broadcasting, Idaho Public Television, KCTS9 Seattle, KUOW Puget Sound Public Radio, Northwest Public Radio and Television, Jefferson Public Radio and KLCC.



Journalist and Ecotrope blogger, Cassandra Profta writes for EarthFix, a public media project of Oregon Public Broadcasting, Boise State Public Radio, Jefferson Public Radio, Idaho Public Television, KCTS 9 Seattle, KUOW Public Radio, Northwest Public Radio and Television, Southern Oregon Public Television, and Jefferson Public Radio.



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MADELEINE DEANDREIS-AYRES

For hours I dragged stuff to the burn pile, not stopping for food or to answer the phone which I could hear ringing off and on in the house.

# Turn Off The Clackers And Try Reality

Shortly after the election, my friend Kevin sent me an article from the *Huffington Post* by John Trowbridge, a comedy writer who took on the topic of the 3D world versus the 2D world of what I've come to call "clackers." A "clacker" is any device the user clicks or clacks with, like this keyboard I'm using to write these words. Also included in the clacker category, my slider phone used to text my sister why it's too late to rename her 15-year-old "Trenton," and my clacker used to enter into the world of Netflix when I want to while away an evening in yet another story about a "brilliant" detective whose husband is the murderer. I mean, how brilliant could she be if her husband turns out to be the serial killer she's been tracking through eight episodes? I hate this detective, yet I lose another hour of my life to watching her act brilliantly as she self-destructs. Who is the brilliant one in this scenario, I ask? Don't answer that, I already know.

Which brings me to Kevin's point. He knew I was pretty undone the day after the election because I called him to talk me off the ledge. "The ledge" in this metaphor is the psychological one many in America were perched on, too distraught to think clearly and yet there we were, stuck on this ledge together with no discernible way move off. Kevin was still in bed, late in the morning, so he wasn't very helpful. He was trying to sleep his way off the ledge while I contemplated the real burn pile in my backyard I was about to torch. Neither of us could make sense of the election and had little words of comfort for each other. I decided at that point to put the clacker on the charger and search for the gas can to coax the burn piles into conflagrations.

I was done with clackers; the internet stayed off all day and I concentrated on burning every pile of organic detritus in my yard. The day was beautiful, clear, cold and sunny, a direct contrast to my mood which was a cloudy, dark mess. For hours I dragged stuff to the burn pile, not stopping for food or to answer the phone which I could hear ringing off and on in the house. I did not look at my computer once, nor the tablet I use because I hate the small screens of the smart phone. I, like so many others around this country, was in a dark place—kind of like the brilliant detective when the clues start to point at her equally brilliant husband. How exactly to proceed?

John Trowbridge must have been in a dark place when he wrote his article because he and I—and I'm sure millions of others—did what we had to do to regain a sense of peace which was turn to off the clackers of the 2D world and fully immerse ourselves in the glorious 3D world; a world of animals, fire, people, food and nature. It wasn't something we read on Faceclack that told us to do this, we did this because every fiber of our humanness demanded it, from the bottom of our clouded, dark souls.



A couple days later I was in the car listening to NPR when a psychologist who was being interviewed offered advice to those of us who found ourselves undone by the election. He suggested we all unplug ourselves for long stretches and reconnect with the real world. He probably suggested long walks on the beach or dinner with friends but I was struck with how something inside of me already figured this out. Without a trip to the doctor. Without cracking *Chicken Soup for the Election Bereft Soul*. (This is not a real book, but I'm copy-writing the title in case Jack Canfield reads this.)

As the day wound down, I went into the refrigerator and saw two cold beers left over from happier, summer days. I took one out to the bonfire, cracked it open and took a long, grateful swallow. In short order, the entire beer was imbibed so I opened the other one and slowly drank. I watched the flames engulf the fall leaves and the Christmas tree from last year and thought that President Obama said it perfectly. The sun will rise in the morning. It did, it does and we just need to unplug from the clackers to regain what we already know. We have everything we need in our 3 dimensional communities, families and our world. Try connecting to that instead of the internet.



Madeleine DeAndreis-Ayres tilts at windmills and burns things between writing and teaching in Siskiyou County.



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SCOTT DEWING

# Our “Post-Truth” World

“A lie can travel halfway around the world before the truth can get its boots on.”

That quote is often misattributed to Mark Twain. While it sounds like something Twain would have written or said, there’s no evidence that he did.

2016 was hailed as the year that truth breathed its last breath and died. We now live in a “post-truth” world, a world “in which objective facts are less influential in shaping public opinion than appeals to emotion and personal belief,” according to the *Oxford Dictionaries*.

The use of the word “post-truth” increased by 2,000 percent last year catapulting it into the lead to become the 2016 *Word of the Year*.

I would like to blame the brutal presidential election for the truth’s untimely demise. I would like to blame Donald Trump for suffocating objective facts beneath an avalanche of personal beliefs and effervescent appeals to emotion.

But the truth is that we’ve always lived in a “post-truth” world, a world in which pervasive lies have competed with elusive truths, a world in which our emotions and personal beliefs shape our reality more than objective facts.

Even the most cursory glance at human history informs us that the “post-truth” world is the world just as it has always been to one degree or another. In modern times, hundreds of millions have died because lies defeated truth: they were executed before firing squads for being “political dissidents”, worked to death in labor camps where they died of starvation and cold, marched into gas chambers and forced into ovens, murdered because of their religious beliefs or their ethnicity or because they were labeled as a “them” and not an “us”.

What made 2016 more “post-truth” than any other year?

Technology and our interaction with it did, particularly social media platforms such as Facebook where many of us became siloed in an echo-chamber of affirmation, our various feeds becoming farragoes of facts and fictions that constructed our objective reality to be in harmony with our worldview.

“If we examine technologies honestly,” writes Kevin Kelly in *What Technology Wants*, “each one has its faults as well as its virtues. There are no technologies without vices and none that are neutral. The consequences of a technology expand with its disruptive nature. Powerful technologies will be powerful in both directions—for good and bad.”

The technology of the Internet ushered in the “information age”, an era of global communications and information creation and sharing unprecedented in human history. Each of us

can access a wealth of information. But amidst all that information wealth is an ample quantity of fool’s gold that, to the unwary, looks and seems like the truth but is merely low-value misinformation.

“Unforeseen consequences stand in the way of all those who think they see clearly the direction in which a new technology

In 2016, many of us became siloed in an echo-chamber of affirmation, our various social media feeds becoming farragoes of facts and fictions that constructed our objective reality to be in harmony with our worldview.

will take us,” writes Neil Postman in *Technopoly: The Surrender of Culture to Technology*. “A new technology does not add or subtract something. It changes everything.”

The prevalence of social media has enabled lies to not just travel halfway around the world while the truth is still struggling to get its boots on—it has enabled lies to spread completely around the world like digital wildfire consuming the truth in its conflagration.

How should we then live in this “post-truth” world we’ve inherited and reinforced with technology?

We must purposefully step outside the echo-chambers of social media. The very nature of their design as well as the content algorithms used by social media platforms such as Facebook, create silos of affirmation. We might do well to leave social media altogether.

The real information gap in the 21st century is not who has access to the Internet and who does not,” write Bill Kovach and Tom Rosenstiel in *Blur: How to Know What’s True in the Era of Information Overload*. “It is the gap between people who have the skills to create knowledge and those who are simply in a process of affirming preconceptions without growing and learning.”

In *Blur*, Kovach and Rosenstiel define a process they label “the way of skeptical knowing” that can be used to guide oneself through the messy media landscape mined with lies, mistruths, and gossip. We all must be way more skeptical, of everything.

The media must start doing its job again. The 2016 election was a wake-up call for journalism in America. There cannot be a healthy and functioning democracy without a healthy and

Continued on page 33



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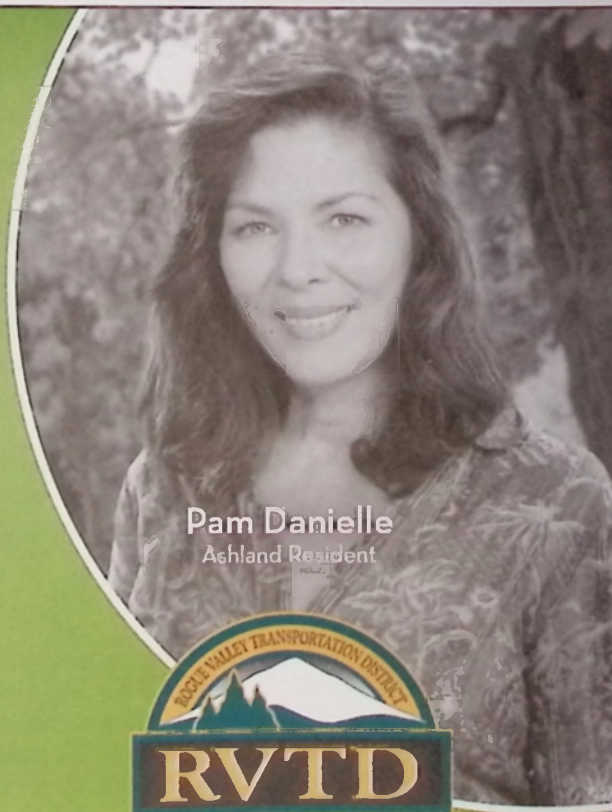
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LIAM MORIARTY

# Fake News And The “Post-Truth” Society: *Are We Doomed?*

I’ve had a pretty contentious relationship with my online social network this past election season. My Facebook newsfeed exploded with caustic political memes, links to articles of suspect provenance and fiery rants by folks I thought I knew pretty well, but who displayed previously unrevealed anger management issues.

And I wasn’t alone. NPR.org ran a post-election story about people purging their social media accounts with mass unfriendings, some even closing their accounts completely, out of weariness and disgust with the tone of discord and disrespect. “I am finding Facebook to have a negative impact on my continuing to keep a positive feeling regarding some of the people I have known longest and cherish most,” wrote Rachael Garrity as she announced she was deleting her account.

As disheartening as it’s been to deal with that negativity among Facebook “friends,” I find myself even more dismayed by the growing ubiquity of so-called “fake news,” articles that are either dishonestly misleading or actual lies concocted out of whole cloth. Here are just a few headlines:

“Pope Francis Shocks World, Endorses Donald Trump”

“Wikileaks CONFIRMS Hillary Sold Weapons To ISIS ... Then Drops Another BOMBSHELL! Breaking News”

IT’S OVER: Hillary’s ISIS Email Just Leaked & It’s Worse Than Anyone Could Have Imagined.”

“Just Read The Law: Hillary Is Disqualified From Holding Any Federal High Office”

“FBI Agent Suspected In Hillary Email Leaks Found Dead In Apparent Murder-Suicide”

An analysis by BuzzFeed News found these to be the top five fake election stories. Combined, these stories were shared, reacted to and “liked” on Facebook well over three-and-a-half-million times in the three months leading up to the election.

Some of these scurrilous articles are posted by hyper-partisan websites that are baldly misinforming voters in hopes of getting their candidate elected. Others claim to be satire sites, saying with a straight face that they’re simply entertainment.

But it turns out that many of these junk stories were produced by young entrepreneurs in the former Yugoslav Repub-

lic of Macedonia, of all places. BuzzFeed News tracked down at least 140 fake news sites there, nearly all aggressively pro-Trump. But it turns out these young Macedonians don’t give a rip about Donald Trump; their interests are strictly mercantile.

“I started the site for an easy way to make money,” one 17-year-old who helps run a site called DailyNewsPolitic.com told BuzzFeed. “In Macedonia the economy is very weak and teenagers are not allowed to work, so we need to find creative ways to make some money.”

When you post articles that get hundreds of thousands of clicks, even the fraction-of-a-cent-per-click rate that Google AdSense pays can add up to big bucks.

There are many similarly-motivated sites operated in the US, as well. *The Washington Post* spoke with 38-year-old Paul Horner, who’s built what it calls “a Facebook fake-news empire.” At least one of Horner’s fake news stories was picked up and tweeted by top Trump campaign officials, one that alleged the Clinton campaign hired people to protest at Trump rallies for \$3,500 a pop.

“My sites were picked up by Trump supporters all the time,” Horner told the *Post*. “I think Trump is in the White House because of me. His followers don’t fact-check anything – they’ll post everything, believe anything.” Horner said he makes about \$10,000 a month, one click at a time.

One pernicious impact of partisan fake news was brought sharply to light in early December. That’s when a 28-year-old father of two from North Carolina drove to Washington, D.C., took an AR-15 assault-style rifle into a crowded pizza restaurant and fired. No one was hurt. The man later explained to police he was “investigating” allegations made in a slew of bizarre online articles that claim the pizza place is the hub of a Satanic pedophile sex slave ring operated by Hillary Clinton and other top Democrats. Yes, really.

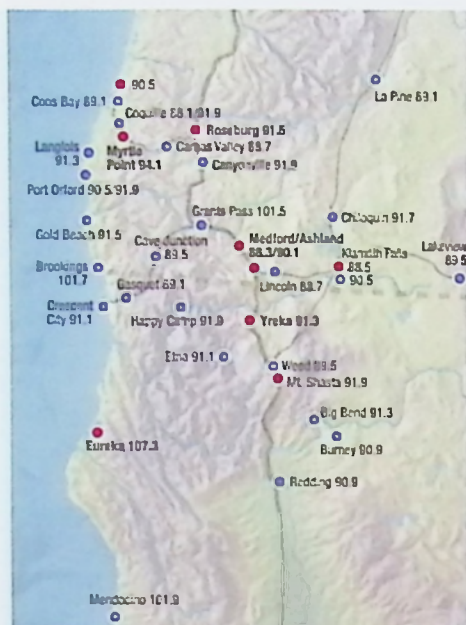
The restaurant owner says he and his employees have been deluged with hate mail and death threats from enraged, anonymous citizens who actually believe this absurd tale.

Almost as dispiriting is a recent study from Stanford University that found most middle school, high school and even college students couldn’t distinguish between real news and fake news online. The researchers described themselves as “shocked” with the results and wrote that the students, with

Continued on page 33



# Classics & News Service



- **FM Transmitters** provide extended regional service. (KSOR, 90.1 FM is JPR's strongest transmitter and provides coverage throughout the Rogue Valley.)
- **FM Translators** provide low-powered local service.

## Monday through Friday

- 5:00am Morning Edition
- 7:00am First Concert
- 12:00pm Siskiyou Music Hall
- 4:00pm All Things Considered
- 7:00pm Exploring Music
- 8:00pm State Farm Music Hall

## Saturday

- 5:00am Weekend Edition
- 8:00am First Concert
- 10:00am Opera
- 2:00pm Played in Oregon
- 3:00pm The Best of Car Talk
- 4:00pm All Things Considered

- 5:00pm New York Philharmonic
- 7:00pm State Farm Music Hall

## Sunday

- 5:00am Weekend Edition
- 9:00am Millennium of Music
- 10:00am Sunday Baroque
- 12:00pm Siskiyou Music Hall
- 2:00pm Performance Today Weekend
- 4:00pm All Things Considered
- 5:00pm Chicago Symphony Orchestra
- 7:00pm Center Stage from Wolf Trap
- 8:00pm State Farm Music Hall

## Stations

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\*KSOR dial positions for translator communities listed below

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Burney 90.9 FM  
Camas Valley 88.7 FM

Canyonville 91.9 FM  
Cave Junction 89.5 FM  
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Coos Bay 89.1 FM  
Etna / Ft. Jones 91.1 FM

Gasquet 89.1 FM  
Gold Beach 91.5 FM  
Grants Pass 101.5 FM  
Happy Camp 91.9 FM  
Lakeview 89.5 FM  
Langlois, Sixes 91.3 FM

LaPine/Beaver Marsh 89.1 FM  
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Port Orford 90.5 FM

Port Orford/Coquille 91.9 FM  
Redding 90.9 FM  
Weed 89.5 FM

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- Jan 7 *Nabucco*  
by Giuseppe Verdi
- Jan 14 *La Bohème*  
by Giacomo Puccini
- Jan 21 *Roméo et Juliette*  
by Charles Gounod
- Jan 28 *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*  
by Gioachino Rossini
- Feb 4 *Rigoletto*  
by Giuseppe Verdi
- Feb 11 *Carmen*  
by Georges Bizet
- Feb 18 *I Puritani*  
by Vincenzo Bellini
- Feb 25 *Rusalka*  
by Antonín Dvořák

## Wait Wait...Who?

When *Wait Wait... Don't Tell Me!* host Peter Sagal goes on vacation, there's only one person who can replace him: Tom Hanks.

The two-time Oscar-winning actor will guest host an episode of the NPR news quiz, taped in front of a live (and, let's be frank, very lucky) audience in Chicago on January 14 (tune in at 10am on Saturday January 14 on JPR's Rhythm & News Service).

"Of course, I was excited to find out that in my absence, one of the stars of the classic sitcom 'Bosom Buddies' would be hosting the show," says Peter Sagal. "I was disappointed to find out that it wasn't going to be Peter Scolari, but I'm sure this Hanks fellow will do fine. I hope he's been doing some useful preparation since 'Bosom Buddies' went off the air in 1982, because this is a pretty high profile gig."

Each week, *Wait Wait... Don't Tell Me!* offers live audiences and listeners a comic review of the week's news. For this special episode, Tom Hanks and human-scorecard Bill Kurtis will guide panelists Paula Poundstone, Luke Burbank and Faith Salie, and a special "Not My Job" guest, through a series of games designed to quiz them on headlines and showcase their wits.





## Rhythm & News Service



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**KSKF 90.9 FM**  
KLAMATH FALLS

**KNCA 89.7 FM**  
BURNLEY/REDDING

**KNSQ 88.1 FM**  
MT. SHASTA

**KVYA 91.5 FM**  
CEDARVILLE/  
SURPRISE VALLEY

### Translators

**Callahan/Ft Jones 89.1 FM**  
**Cave Junction 90.9 FM**

**Grants Pass 97.7 FM**  
**Port Orford 89.3 FM**  
**Roseburg 91.9 FM**  
**Yreka 89.3 FM**

### Monday through Friday

- 5:00am Morning Edition
- 9:00am Open Air
- 3:00pm Q
- 4:00pm All Things Considered
- 6:00pm World Café
- 8:00pm Undercurrents
- (Modulation Fridays 8–10pm)
- 3:00am World Café

### Saturday

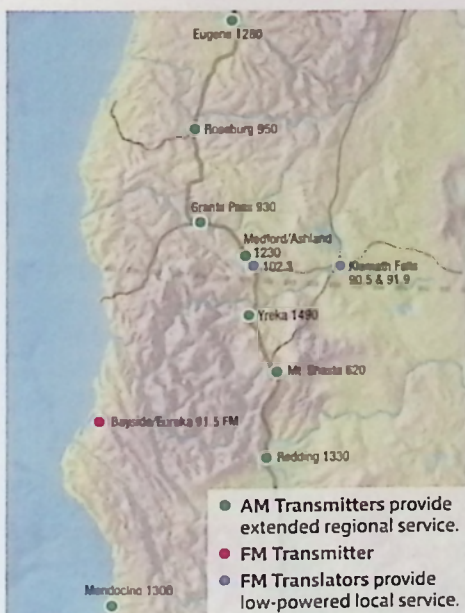
- 5:00am Weekend Edition
- 10:00am Wait Wait...Don't Tell Me!
- 11:00am The Best of Car Talk
- 12:00pm Radiolab
- 1:00pm Q the Music
- 2:00pm E-Town
- 3:00pm Mountain Stage
- 5:00pm All Things Considered

- 6:00pm American Rhythm
- 8:00pm Sound Opinions
- 9:00pm The Retro Lounge
- 10:00pm Late Night Blues
- 12:00am Undercurrents

### Sunday

- 5:00am Weekend Edition
- 9:00am The Splendid Table
- 10:00am This American Life
- 11:00am The Moth Radio Hour
- 12:00pm Jazz Sunday
- 2:00pm American Routes
- 4:00pm TED Radio Hour
- 5:00pm All Things Considered
- 6:00pm The Folk Show
- 9:00pm Folk Alley
- 11:00pm Mountain Stage
- 1:00am Undercurrents

## News & Information Service



- AM Transmitters provide extended regional service.
- FM Transmitter
- FM Translators provide low-powered local service.

### Monday through Friday

- 5:00am BBC World Service
- 7:00am 1A
- 8:00am The Jefferson Exchange
- 10:00am The Takeaway
- 11:00am Here & Now
- 1:00pm The World
- 2:00pm To the Point
- 3:00pm Fresh Air
- 4:00pm On Point
- 6:00pm Fresh Air (repeat)
- 7:00pm As It Happens
- 8:00pm The Jefferson Exchange
- (repeat of 8am broadcast)
- 10:00pm BBC World Service

### Saturday

- 5:00am BBC World Service
- 7:00am WorldLink
- 8:00am Day 6
- 9:00am Freakonomics Radio
- 10:00am Living On Earth
- 11:00am Science Friday
- 1:00pm To the Best of Our Knowledge
- 3:00pm West Coast Live
- 5:00pm Ask Me Another
- 6:00pm Selected Shorts
- 7:00pm BBC World Service

### Sunday

- 5:00am BBC World Service
- 7:00am Inside Europe
- 8:00am On The Media
- 9:00am Ken Rudin's Political Junkie
- 10:00am Reveal
- 11:00am TED Radio Hour
- 12:00pm To the Best of Our Knowledge
- 2:00pm Marketplace Weekend
- 3:00pm Milk Street Radio
- 4:00pm Travel with Rick Steves
- 5:00pm This American Life
- 6:00pm Fresh Air Weekend
- 7:00pm BBC World Service

**Translators** Klamath Falls 90.5 FM/91.9 FM Ashland/Medford 102.3 FM

### Stations

**KSIK AM 1230**  
TALENT

**KAGI AM 930**  
GRANTS PASS

**KTBR AM 950**  
ROSEBURG

**KRVM AM 1280**  
EUGENE

**KSYC AM 1490**  
YREKA

**KMJC AM 620**  
MT. SHASTA

**KPMO AM 1300**  
MENDOCINO

**KNHM 91.5 FM**  
BAYSIDE/EUREKA

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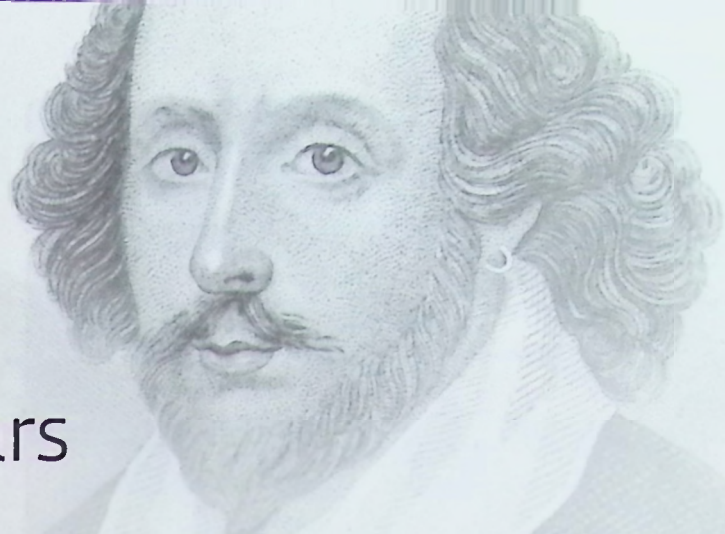
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# The Shakespeare Wars

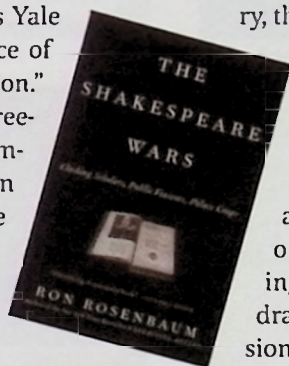
In July, I was literally hit by a truck. Needless to add, I was grateful to survive the collision, but the prospect of prolonged immobility left me disoriented and depressed. A friend presented me with a copy of Ron Rosenbaum's *The Shakespeare Wars* to lift my spirits, but before it could do that, I had to find a way to lift the 600-page book. A neighbor suggested the music stand she'd acquired since beginning flute lessons. Thus did two acts of kindness launch my journey through the vast, conflicted universe of Shakespeare scholarship with the most lively, irreverent, brilliant, and entertaining of guides.

Ron Rosenbaum abandoned graduate work in English after falling in love with Shakespeare during a 1970 production of Peter Brook's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He realized that the dry, intellectual approaches to literature preached in his Yale seminars would never account for his experience of "imbibing the pure distilled essence of exhilaration." Decades later, having gone on to a career in freelance journalism, he speculates that scholars embrace the brand of literary theory he rejected in order to shield themselves from the "unbearable pleasure" of Shakespeare's astonishing language.

Why unbearable? Because a willing immersion in the fluid beauties and ambiguities of the poetry opens us to an experience of "bottomlessness," infinitude. When the multiple possibilities defy reduction to a single, correct reading, anxiety may arise. In other words, the deeper we go into Shakespeare's work, the more the easy takeaway eludes us. We're forced to acknowledge that some things can't be figured out. Bottom's "rare vision" under the spell of Puck's love potion itself is a model for one such experience. When he attempts to describe it, logical boundaries break down: eyes had never heard, ears seen, hands tasted, nor tongues conceived such a thing.

Unusual for a literary critic, Rosenbaum is unabashed about his intense emotional involvement with his subject. His confessional approach sparks amusement as he reports on his attendance at countless performances, lectures, and conferences where he asked intrepid questions and finagled interviews with important directors and Shakespeareans. An extraordinary chapter on Peter Brook, for example, recounts his "embarrassing public incident" with the iconic director before going on to unpack a wealth of Brooks's wise insights into Shakespeare: e.g. "each line of Shakespeare is an atom. The energy that can be released is infinite—if we can split it open."

Unusual for a literary critic, Rosenbaum is unabashed about his intense emotional involvement with his subject.



Rosenbaum's devotion to the playwright's language led to a fascination with the minutiae of textual scholarship and the personalities of those who practice it. He traces the processes and conclusions of editors who have dedicated decades to analyzing and evaluating small differences among versions of the plays. And his account of their fierce conflicts is riveting. Repeatedly he demonstrates how the alteration of something apparently insignificant in the text, like the flutter of a butterfly's wing, can reshuffle meanings until the tenor of the entire work has changed.

The "wars" of Rosenbaum's title refer primarily to the battles this enterprise of textual editing has provoked around the three extant versions of *Hamlet*—the Bad Quarto (assembled by actors from memory, the conjecture goes), the good Quarto, and the published Folio—and the Quarto and Folio versions of *King Lear*. Above the battle and beyond all the versions glimmers the grail of a Lost Archetype, the hypothetical text in Shakespeare's handwriting, straight from his heart, which was corrupted by actors, directors, and printers in passing it on. Are the several versions of each play variations on that single archetype diverging through human error? Or do they represent different drafts? Do textual changes demonstrate a later Folio version streamlined for the pragmatic purposes of theatrical production? Or rather did Shakespeare revise his own work on aesthetic/thematic grounds?

Mainstream editors long chose to conflate the Quarto and Folio texts, striving through logic and intuition to fathom the playwright's intentions, perhaps to retrieve the Lost Archetypes. Then the upstart Revisers rose to prominence, insisting that the Folio contains Shakespeare's final answers; thus Quarto and Folio versions should be published separately. Now in the pluralistic, split-screen twenty-first century, Bernice Kliman has presented us with the Enfolded *Hamlet*. This latest edition presents all possible variants contiguously, set off by different symbols, thus allowing the multi-tasker to glide back and forth over all three versions at once.

Besides probing the passion that can power a textual battle, *The Shakespeare Wars* offers an array of fascinating side-trips. In one chapter, Rosenbaum elucidates Peter Hall's sacred pause in speaking Shakespeare's verse; in another, John Andrews's argument for maintaining the original spelling. A third pulls no punches in critiquing attempts to scrub *The Merchant of*

Continued on page 33





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DAVE JACKSON

## 2016: One For The Ages

2016 was one for the ages. Bob Dylan won the Nobel Prize for literature and missed the official Nobel banquet in Stockholm, and the world will certainly not soon forget the big shock last fall, the unexpected success of the Chicago Cubs.

Musically speaking it was the year of the obituary. 2016 marked a changing of the guard in some respect as the elder statesmen (and women) of popular music who came of age with television and radio left us for those who came of age with the internet. Amid the grief, it has given us a reason to reflect on the impact these artists have had on our culture. Think about these songs: "Space Oddity", "Take it Easy", "Song For You", "Mama Tried", "Somebody to Love", "Purple Rain", "Hallelujah", "L.A. Freeway", "September". Sadly, this is just a sampling of the artists who left us, but thankfully their legacies live on. Despite the losses, 2016 was also a good year for artists whose eulogies hopefully won't be delivered for decades.

First, some songs that stood out for me. Early in the year I couldn't get enough of "Wasted Mind" by Sierra Hull the title track to the mandolin great's album produced by Bela Fleck and Abigail Washburn. Not just folk, not just virtuoso playing, but those elements make it an intriguing tune. "Somebody's Love" by Passenger with the line "you're gonna need somebody's love to fall into", is soothing, hopeful and for me anyway, an almost constant earworm. Dylan LeBlanc (who came by JPR as a guest of *Live Sessions*) makes the list with "Cautionary Tale". It reminds me of Neil Young from the *Harvest Moon* era. Laura Mvula had a good one with "Overcome." It's inspirational and infectious groovy in a pop/world beat kind of way. Shel played my favorite cover song of the year. Four home schooled sisters from Colorado play a slow, beautiful and very haunting rendition of the Metallica song "Enter Sandman." Another great cover this year was by Bonnie Raitt. *Dig In Deep* was a solid album. Her cover of "I need you Tonight", an INXS song shows her still having fun and not slowing down a bit. Finally, Seth Walker had several nice tunes on *Gotta Get Back*. "High Time" was my favorite. It is a slick, funky, feel good tune hard to hear while holding still.

As for albums, first some honorable mentions.

Check out *Give it Back to You* by The Record Company. This is lo-fi roots rock with no frills. Think Buddy Holly or early Beatles with just the slightest hint of punk. This album will satisfy your need from some straight rock.

Michael Kiwanuka was back this year with *Love & Hate*. Great message, great soul. "Black man in a White World" feels timely and important and the album just grows from there.

Check out both the title track and "One More Night", or just let this record play and enjoy.

*A Sailor's Guide to Earth* by Sturgill Simpson is smart progressive country music. The theme is a letter by a sailor written to his wife and son. The songs, in contrast to Simpson's most recent release, *Metamodern Sounds In Country Music*, are considerably more hopeful. Simpson has a gift for words and his voice is pure country, the music here, not so much. Elements

of rock and soul, appearances by the Dap Kings, and a nice cover of Nirvana's "In Bloom" give this album some nice depth.

Among a lot of great music, 2 albums really stood out to me.

I am a fan of 70s concept albums. Ray Lamontagne continued his journey away from Americana

towards psychedelic rock with *Ouroboros*. It was produced by Jim James of My Morning Jacket and you can hear his influence. This is a throwback album for folks who dust off *Wish You Were Here* by Pink Floyd and say "how come no one makes records like this anymore?". It had one hit in "Hey no Pressure" but really the strength of this album comes from hearing it cover to cover. From ethereal and acoustic to heavy guitar-based rock, *Ouroboros* makes my shortlist.

That brings me to my favorite album of 2016. I have been a fan of Tedeschi Trucks Band, and the solo careers of namesakes Susan Tedeschi and Derek Trucks for some time. Last year however the husband and wife duo and their 11-piece band outdid themselves with a masterpiece in *Let Me Get By*. What gets me on this album is that despite two critically acclaimed powerhouses out front, it feels like a family band. They often get out of the way and let veteran bandmates like vocalist Mike Mattison and keyboardist Koffi Burbridge stretch out as well. It's a huge sound with lots of intricate moving parts that sound effortless. It's as if the original Allman Brothers Band made an album with Chicago Transit Authority with Bonnie Raitt singing. It's a great blend of blues, soul, gospel and jazz laced with southern rock. It will likely be my favorite album this year too.

With that, I wish you a Happy New Year. Please join me in hoping the musical afterworld is satisfied with the class of 2016 and leaves us alone for a while.

2016 marked a changing of the guard in some respect as the elder statesmen (and women) of popular music who came of age with television and radio left us for those who came of age with the internet.



Dave Jackson hosts *Open Air*, weekdays on JPR's Rhythm & News Service.



DON KAHLE

# Knitting Society Back Together Will Take Big Ideas And More

**N**othing predicts social upheaval better than a society's percentage of disaffected young men. Revolutions occur when that muscle and moxie is underutilized. Washington's new leaders would be wise to get ahead of the wave that swept them into power.

Many, many Americans — mostly married men — are anxious, angry, bored, or some combination of the three. And for good reason. There's not enough meaningful work available that they are willing or able to do. It's going to get worse, and they know it.

The percentage of men in the American workforce hasn't been this low since 1948. Once driving and delivery jobs are automated, half our working-age men could be without jobs. Many of those who have jobs are feeling overworked and under-appreciated.

Homicides are killing urban black men at increasing rates, but not as fast as rural whites are killing themselves. Suicide rates in those areas have roughly doubled in the past 15 years, according to a *Washington Post* analysis. Life is getting harder.

College debt is crushing a generation. That first mortgage is becoming out of reach. Getting ahead is a dream that many have given up on. Life has become a slow slog, relieved briefly by occasional Netflix binges.

This country chose "hope and change" in 2008, but neither arrived across broad swaths of America. Whether President Obama failed or was foiled is for many a distinction without a difference. Then came along a candidate of lowered expectations, offering only change. Voters went for it — hopefully.

Desperation is difficult to admit, so pollsters and pundits failed to measure it accurately. From the privacy of voting booths across the country, desperation sent its message loud and clear.

Half-measures are no longer worth our full effort. Incremental change was rejected. The status quo has lost its status. A space has been opened for a big conversation — as big as Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation or FDR's New Deal. As candidate Trump once said, "the shackles have been taken off."

Donald Trump didn't promise change so much as embody it. His lack of specifics provides plenty of leeway ahead. He's not a Republican. He's not a conservative. He's not a politician. He's a deal-maker. So let's make a deal — bigly.

The time has come to reimagine what people are good for and best at. Only people who are satisfied with their lives will support the institutions that support those lives.

Productivity is no longer a reliable ground for human esteem, at least not in the strictly calculable sense. John Henry lost to Watson. Computers and robots make things faster and better. Our stuff is proliferating, but our satisfaction is not.

Women express less angst than men right now, because many of their chosen jobs defy automation. Teachers and nurses

are not paid handsomely, but the future remains bright for professions that require empathy and nurturing.

Is there room in those fields for men who are being displaced? Certainly there

could be, especially if much of the wealth created by automated production could be invested in society's greater good. Retraining millions of men for more secure work won't be easy or fast, but we're running out of alternatives.

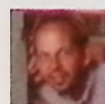
If every American was given a universal basic income (UBI), work and wage could be separated from sustenance and survival. Our welfare system could be dismantled. Nobody resents another person's basic needs being met. The rage bubbles up when somebody does less but gets more.

Will that anger dissipate when everyone has enough? It's worth a try. Work would become a means of self-expression, born of ambition instead of fear. Most UBI plans envision humans no longer having to work, but that invites other dangers of isolation and lethargy, so here's a twist.

Instead of sending monthly UBI payments to the individuals, we should allow non-profit organizations to administer the payments in return for volunteer work. Everybody cares about something. This would connect them with others who share those same concerns.

When people feel connected to their communities by effort and skill, we can begin building a better future for everyone. Work should satisfy the soul; not crush it.

Life has become  
a slow slog, relieved  
briefly by occasional  
Netflix binges.



Don Kahle (fridays@dksez.com)  
writes a column each Friday for  
*The Register-Guard* and blogs.



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## Inside The Box

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functioning press that doggedly practices the “discipline of verification” to arrive at a functional and useable truth.

“A world without journalism is not a world without political information,” write Robert McChesney and John Nichols in *The Death and Life of American Journalism*. “Instead it is a world where what passes for news is largely spin and self-interested propaganda—some astonishingly sophisticated and some bellikose, but the lion’s share of dubious value. It is an environment that spawns cynicism, ignorance, demoralization, and apathy.”

This is where we are today.

“In a time of deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act.”

That’s another commonly misattributed quote, this one to George Orwell, the author of *1984*.

Truth didn’t die in 2016, it just took a severe blow to the chin and got knocked to the canvas. We need to get back on our feet. We need to keep fighting. Last year was a “post-truth” year. Let’s make 2017 a year of revolutionary acts.



Scott Dewing is a technologist, teacher, and writer. He lives with his family on a low-tech farm in the State of Jefferson. Archives of his columns and other writings are available on his website: [scottdewing.com](http://scottdewing.com)

## Theatre

Continued from page 27

*Venice* of anti-Semitism. A fourth argues that certain films will bring us into more intimate touch with Shakespeare than will a theatre performance. In a chapter entitled “You Can’t Have Him, Harold” (the him is Falstaff), Rosenbaum excoriates Harold Bloom for wielding “Big Ideas” and ignoring the nuances of language.

Rosenbaum acknowledges that theatre requires a different approach to the text. For a show to go on, a director must resolve the multiplicity, “collapse the wave,” and choose one variant to be uttered on stage, one vision to be embodied. But he then doesn’t declare his production definitive, the only right one. At his next opportunity with that play, he will sink again below the textual surface into the “bottomlessness” of Shakespeare’s language and emerge with a different concept. Peter Brook called this tapping into “the secret play,” a vibrant cosmos of infinite possibility.



Molly Tinsley taught literature and creative writing at the U. S. Naval Academy for twenty years. Her latest book is a middle-grade fantasy adventure, *Behind the Waterfall* ([www.fuzepublishing.com](http://www.fuzepublishing.com))

## On The Scene

Continued from page 23

“stunning and dismaying consistency,” were unable to accurately evaluate the credibility of news sources.

But as comforting as it would be to blame the problem on credulous morons and kids, I’ve repeatedly had to call out otherwise intelligent and sensible Facebook “friends” when they’ve linked to some bogus “news” item. I usually include a link to a Snopes.com article methodically dismantling the false story.

Sometimes my chastened “friends” sheepishly apologize for not being more careful. Other times, I get a snippy response along the lines of, “Well, I didn’t say it was true. I just thought it was interesting.”

Oxford Dictionaries declared “post-truth” its 2016 “Word of the Year.” The dictionary defines post-truth as “relating to or denoting circumstances in which objective facts are less influential in shaping public opinion than appeals to emotion and personal belief.” The editors say they documented a dramatic spike in the use of the word during the UK’s Brexit campaign, as well as the U.S. presidential election.

Recently, Scottie Nell Hughes, a Trump surrogate, said on NPR’s *Diane Rehm Show* that “There’s no such thing, unfortunately, anymore as facts.” That Donald Trump said three million people voted illegally for Hillary Clinton – and that millions of his supporters believe it’s true – makes it true, Hughes said, despite the total lack of credible evidence to back the claim.

So, are we entering an era when the truth simply is no longer relevant? I hope not. The only thing that keeps a democracy functioning is its citizenry taking the time to responsibly inform themselves and to make informed decisions.

But these days, most people get their news in large part from social media. And that means that, in a very real sense, we’re *all* journalists now. And we need to accept responsibility for what we spread across the internet. That makes it incumbent on each of us to do some fact-checking before we link and share and “like” things we see on the web.

Because if we allow a “post-truth” attitude to become the norm, if believing things without any real evidence becomes an accepted practice, if we permit our leaders to make assertions with nothing to back them, our democracy will decay and crumble.

I cling to the words of Daniel Moynihan, the late Senator from New York, who said, “Everyone is entitled to his own opinions, but not to his own facts.” May it be so.



Liam Moriarty has been covering news in the Pacific Northwest for more than 20 years. After a stint as JPR’s News Director from 2002 to 2005, Liam covered the environment in Seattle, then reported on European issues from France. He returned to JPR in 2013, turning his talents to covering the stories that are important to the people of this very special region.



# Millions Have Dyslexia, Few Understand It

**I**t's frustrating that you can't read the simplest word in the world."

Thomas Lester grabs a book and opens to a random page. He points to a word: galloping.

"Goll-, G-. Gaa-, Gaa-, G-." He keeps trying. It is as if the rest of the word is in him somewhere, but he can't sound it out. "I don't ... I quit." He tosses the book and it skids along the table.

Despite stumbling over the simplest words, Thomas — a fourth-grader — is a bright kid. In fact, that's an often-misunderstood part of dyslexia: It's not about lacking comprehension, having a low IQ or being deprived of a good education.

It's about having a really hard time reading.

Dyslexia is the most common learning disability in the United States. It touches the lives of millions of people, including me and Thomas. Just like Thomas, I spent much of my childhood sitting in a little chair across from a reading tutor.

Today, Thomas is working with his tutor in an office building in northwest Washington, D.C. The suite they're in is an oasis of white couches and overstuffed pillows. In the waiting area, a kid is curled up sucking her thumb, and a mom reads a magazine quietly.

In the back of the suite — a Lindamood Bell Reading Center — Thomas fidgets with everything in arm's reach.

"All right, I am going to give you some air-writing words," the tutor says to Thomas, speaking rapidly as if daring Thomas to keep pace. She spells the first one out loud: "C-O-R-T."

With his index finger, Thomas writes the letters sloppily in the air.

Then his tutor asks a question: What sound do the two middle letters make? "Eer? Aar?"

Thomas squints at whatever visual memory he can retain from the letters he has just scribbled in the air. Then, with a burst of enthusiasm, he stumbles on the answer: "Or!"

"Good job!" his tutor replies, with what seems like genuine excitement, before moving on to her next question about the letters. I also have a question for Thomas: What's it like to have dyslexia?

Thomas stops his fidgeting. "It's hard," he pauses. "Like, really hard."

Thomas, 9, has trouble reading, but he likes books. Just give him the audio version, he says, and he'll "listen to the book on Audible like 10,000 times." "His comprehension is that of a 13-year-old," says Geva Lester, Thomas' mom. "He can understand Harry Potter, but he can't read it."

Before they started coming to this Lindamood Bell Reading Center, Lester says, she'd watch with alarmed confusion as her son struggled with the most basic text: "See Spot run."

She remembers trying to read with him. "On one page he would figure out the word: 'There.' And on the second page, he would see it and he would have no idea what it said."

Sitting there with Thomas and his mom, I remember doing that myself — and in some ways, I still do.

As a child, my dyslexia was a closely guarded secret. In kindergarten, I'd leave class to work in a tiny closet, with a space heater and a reading specialist. Walking there, down the locker-lined hallways, I'd avoid eye contact, hoping nobody would notice me.

In middle school, I struggled to read even picture books. In class, I'd pretend. Then, at home, I'd listen to my books on cassette tapes — at double speed. And during the summer, I'd go to Lindamood Bell, just like Thomas. (The reading centers, which offer tutoring and reading programs around the world, also provide financial support for NPR.)

Over the years, I survived by memorizing words. It started with boxes and boxes of index cards. I'd practice each night, looking at a word and saying its sound as quickly as I could. I memorized hundreds and hundreds — maybe a few thousand — words this way.

I've never been able to sound out unfamiliar words. And I still can't.

When I come across a word I don't know, I freeze. It's often a last name or a street name that never made it onto those index cards. It takes a great deal of focus for me to clump the letters into groups, link those groups with sounds and, finally, string those sounds together.

Since dyslexia is not something you outgrow, I have learned to work with it, and work around it. It's always there, but it is rarely the focus of my thoughts. That was true through college and graduate school, but when I became an education reporter, it changed.

As I returned to elementary school classrooms and interviewed parents and teachers, dyslexia kept popping up in places I didn't expect. I saw teachers who were mystified by their students' struggles and parents whose stamina and empathy were tested.

Dyslexia is so widespread that it forces schools and parents to take action. And yet, it is deeply misunderstood. Even basic questions don't have easy answers.

Exactly how many people around the world have dyslexia? Well, it's complicated. Estimates vary greatly, partly because it depends on what country or language you are talking about (English speakers may be more likely to have it than, say, Italian speakers) and partly because many people who have dyslexia never get a formal diagnosis. However, most estimates in the



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United States put it at somewhere between 5 and 17 percent of the population.

Many people think that dyslexia is seeing letters in the wrong order, or getting b and d mixed up. Not true. Researchers, experts and people with dyslexia dismiss these as common misconceptions.

So, if dyslexia isn't any of those things people think it is, then what is it?

"It's basically like looking at a foreign word," says Jonathan Gohrband. He's a videographer in Chicago and, at 31, he says dyslexia is still part of his daily life.

When reading, Gohrband says, his eyes often lurch to a stop in front of a word that looks utterly unfamiliar. His best solution, he says, is to turn to his girlfriend, asking a now familiar question: "What's this word?" And as she answers, he almost always has the same response: "Of course that's what it is!"

Here's the thing: There's nothing wrong with Jonathan Gohrband's vocabulary. Or 9-year-old Thomas Lester's vocabulary. They know what "galloping" means. And they can use the word in spoken English 20 different ways. They just can't read the word.

That's why dyslexia used to be called "word blindness." People with dyslexia don't naturally process the written word. They don't easily break it into smaller units that can be turned into sounds and stitched together.

This makes reading a laborious — even exhausting — process. Writing, too. Gohrband remembers when his former boss pulled him aside after she'd received emails littered with spelling mistakes.

"Hey, I know it's the weekend, but don't email when you're drunk," he recalls her saying. He was, of course, perfectly sober — just dyslexic. Now, he can spend hours scouring emails he's drafted, looking for typos. "It's very time-consuming and very exhausting."

Consuming. Exhausting. There's an emotional dimension, too. Gohrband recalls that when he was a child he would fantasize about not "being broken." He would avoid telling people about it: "If they know that you're dyslexic, they'll think you're dumb."

Yet, he says, there came a turning point when the shame faded. For him, it was when he found videography. There he discovered a "language" that came easily, and suddenly his talents were visible to others.

"I felt so much more confident," he says.


And with time, Gohrband says, he has found benefits hidden inside his struggles. He thinks that being pushed outside his comfort zone by dyslexia has made him more creative and less judgmental.

I've felt that myself, and as I've talked with many others, I heard one thing again and again: When things don't come easy, you learn to try new things and work hard at them.



Gabrielle Emanuel reports for NPR's Education team.

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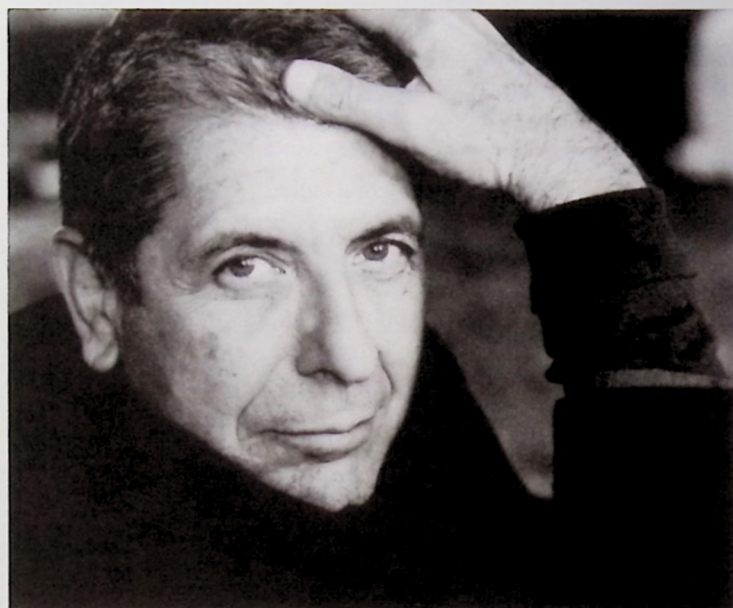
ANN POWERS

# Love Itself: Leonard Cohen's Holy Touch

**P**opular music, like every creative form, has produced iconoclasts and idols, whose charisma intersects with the historical moment to carry them into a singular space of greatness. Leonard Cohen was not that kind of star. He was the other kind, arguably more necessary: the companionable genius, compelled by the need to track the muse through the hallways of the everyday, to understand how profane existence can be shot through with profundity. In 1966, Cohen, who died in early November at 82, told his friend and frequent interlocutor Adrienne Clarkson that poetry was in some ways analogous to polishing shoes. She questioned this remark. He replied, "If you want people to have shiny shoes, you want to write those very good kinds of instructions."

The Montreal-born Cohen was 32 then, a published poet who'd recently finished the proto-postmodern novel *Beautiful Losers* and was contemplating a career as a country musician. (He'd played guitar in a trio called the Buckskin Boys as a McGill University student.) According to his biographer Sylvie Simmons, Cohen's first goal was to write songs worthy of diner jukeboxes, and though he became known as the most bookish of songwriters, he always maintained that vernacular impulse. Early songs like "Suzanne" and "Dress Rehearsal Rag" mix religious imagery with lines about shopping at the Salvation Army and the way a face full of shaving cream can make a man look like Santa Claus. His earthiness allowed him to leave fingerprints as he grasped the sacred – to make that grasp feel truly close and real. Half a century and fourteen studio albums later, Cohen was still approaching life's greatest mysteries with incomparable ease. *You Want it Darker*, the final work released just weeks before his death, is a deeply lucid conversation with the self that might be divine but is surely mortal. "I guess I'm just somebody who has given up on the me and you," he intones in "Traveling Light"; it's a line, like so many of his, that could be from a honky-tonk heartbreaker or a Buddhist meditation on the nature of non-duality.

Cohen famously studied Buddhism for much of his long life; he was equally steeped in the Jewish heritage that was his birthright, and the Catholic imagery that surrounded him in Montreal and which formed the basis for many of his most lyrical songs, from "Sisters of Mercy" to "Joan of Arc." He loved the oldest stories, the ones he borrowed from world mythology and the Bible, but retold them in the rhythms of the Beat, of jazz standards and blue comedy. His lifelong dialogue with Bob



CREDIT: DOMINIQUE ISSERMAN

Dylan was marked by good-natured rivalry; in a 1969 poem fragment he wrote, "To those few high school girls/who preferred my work to Dylan's/I leave my stone ear/and my disposable Franciscan ambitions." But instead of emulating Dylan's obstinate mysteriousness, Cohen wrote in a way that made his allusions and metaphysical insights accessible. His songs were like constantly unfolding commentaries upon themselves – profoundly Jewish commentaries on the act of reading and writing as a way of navigating the world. Reimagining pagan myths and the lives of the saints, talking back to his songwriter peers and his Zen teachers, Cohen wrote a holy book across the lines of hundreds of songs, some of which took him years to write, all of which felt like they arose in Talmudic discussions held over red wine and cigarettes.

For all of this intertextuality, Cohen never became mired in abstractions. He valued the immediacy of the body too much for that. He was a famous lover of (and musical collaborator with) women who found richness in the details of sexual love and the bodily pain of loneliness. He wrote some of the greatest romantic verses of the rock era, and was still doing so into his seventies, though by then he had begun to welcome the "sweet fatigue" of waning desire. For Cohen, erotic love (in his case, heterosexual love, though he also professed the crucial importance of emotional intimacy with men) was the fundament



from which human understanding arose. "Woman is the context of a man's life. A man is the context of a woman's life. That's all we're doing," he told Clarkson in a 1989 interview. What love is, he continued, is the act of writing a song, endearment by endearment, touch by touch.

Cohen was never a rock and roll satyr or a pop dreamboat; his appeal lay in the aura of experience and sophistication that came, in part, because he was a writer before he was a pop troubadour. Yet as he grew older and kept making albums that attracted new generations of fans, Cohen did become a physical marvel, too. His lachrymose baritone was a voice otherwise unheard in the rock era, and working with producers like Sharon Robinson, Patrick Leonard, and finally his own son Adam, he learned to enhance it using electronics and other production techniques. As a live performer, he conquered early stage fright to become remarkably generous, assembling stellar bands that enabled him to deliver meanderingly cathartic sets that were like nothing else at the time. After financial troubles led him back to the stage in his seventies, Cohen would perform for hours, dropping to his knees repeatedly as if to offer himself as either a sacrifice or a channel – a mortal man resurrected with in his own lifetime, showing that real human transcendence remains grounded in the body, in the joints that can still bend to genuflect.

His insistence on making profundity palpable allowed Cohen to write what has come to be known as one of the greatest secular hymns of the late 20th century. "Hallelujah" may not be the song that ardent fans consider Cohen's best, although it does boast a melody that's now nearly as indelible in the contemporary American consciousness as "Amazing Grace." And since Jeff Buckley's definitive 1994 recording pushed it into new-standard territory, the song has definitely become one of pop's most carelessly over-covered numbers, with singers leaning into its churchy elements while missing the point of its lines about catastrophic sex and psychic brokenness. Yet "Hallelujah" does show what made Leonard Cohen so great – not the sweep of its arching choruses but the grime on the floor of its verses, the lines about being tied to a kitchen chair and realizing love isn't victory, but defeat, and the way that Cohen places one of his favorite words, "broken," right next to the one he borrowed from some old hymnal. There it is: the spit that produces the polish. It comes from the same mouth that offers a kiss and a prayer. More than anyone, Leonard Cohen helped us know that.



Ann Powers is NPR Music's critic and correspondent. She writes for NPR's music news blog, *The Record*, and she can be heard on NPR's newsmagazines and music programs.

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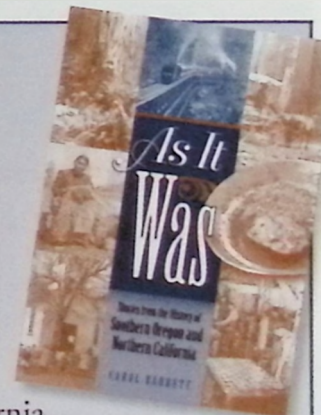
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WHAT CHANGED DOWN THE STREET  
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SINCE THE LAST TIME YOU WOKE UP?





A study of 17 dogs found they could remember and imitate their owners' actions up to an hour later.

# Your Dog Remembers Every Move You Make

**Y**ou may not remember what you were doing a few minutes ago. But your dog probably does.

A study of 17 dogs found they could remember and imitate their owners' actions up to an hour later. The results, published in *Current Biology*, suggest that dogs can remember and relive an experience much the way people do.

That's probably not a big surprise to people who own dogs, says Claudia Fugazza, an author of the study and an animal behavior researcher at Eotvos Lorand University in Budapest. Fugazza owns a Czechoslovakian Wolfdog named Velvet.

"Most dog owners at least suspected that dogs can remember events and past experiences," she says. But demonstrating this ability has been tricky. Fugazza and her colleagues thought they might be able to test dogs' memory of events using a training method she helped develop called "Do As I Do." It teaches dogs to observe an action performed by their owner, then imitate that action when they hear the command: "Do it."

"If you ask a dog to imitate an action that was demonstrated some time ago," Fugazza says, "then it is something like asking, 'Do you remember what your owner did?'"

In the study, a trained dog would first watch the owner perform some unfamiliar action. In one video the team made, a man strides over to an open umbrella on the floor and taps it with his hand as his dog watches.

Then the dog is led behind a partition that blocks a view of the umbrella. After a minute, the dog is led back out and lies on a mat. Finally, the owner issues the command to imitate: "Do it."

The dog responds by trotting over to the umbrella and tapping it with one paw.

In the study, dogs were consistently able to remember what their owners had done, sometimes up to an hour after the event.

The most likely explanation is that the dogs were doing something people do all the time, Fugazza says. They were remembering an event by mentally traveling back in time and reliving the experience.

Even so, the team stopped short of concluding that dogs have full-fledged episodic memory.

"Episodic memory is traditionally linked to self-awareness," Fugazza says, "and so far there is no evidence of self-awareness in dogs and I think there is no method for testing it."

For a long time, scientists thought episodic memory was unique to people. But over the past decade or so, researchers have found evidence for episodic-like memory in a range of species, including birds, monkeys and rats.



CLAUDIA FUGAZZA

Claudia Fugazza using the Do As I Do dog training method

Dogs have been a special challenge, though, says Victoria Templer, a behavioral neuroscientist at Providence College.

"They're so tuned into human cues, which can be a good thing," Templer says. "But it also can be a disadvantage and make it very difficult, because we might be cuing dogs when we're totally unaware of it."

The Budapest team did a good job ensuring that dogs were relying on their own memories without getting any unwitting guidance from their owners, says Templer, who wasn't involved in the study.

She says the finding should be useful to scientists who are trying to understand why episodic memory evolved in people. In other words, how has it helped us survive?

One possibility, Templer says, is that we evolved the ability to relive the past in order to imagine the future.

So when we're going to meet a new person, she says, we may use episodic memories of past encounters to predict how the next one might go. "If I can imagine that I'm going to interact with some individual and that might be dangerous, I'm not going to want to interact with them," she says. And that could help make sure the genes that allow episodic memories get passed along to the next generation.



Jon Hamilton is a correspondent for NPR's Science Desk. Currently he focuses on neuroscience, health risks, and extreme weather.

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ALLISON AUBREY

# When Food Banks Say No To Sugary Junk, Schools Offer A Solution

This is the time of year when donations to food banks spike. But, some food banks are getting pickier about what they'll accept.

In 2016 the Capital Area Food Bank announced it would "dramatically" cut back on junk food it receives and distributes. This means saying "no" to donations such as sheet cakes, holiday candy, sugary sodas and other processed, bakery items.

"Our core business — in helping those most in need — needs to be not only getting people food, but getting them the right food," says Nancy Roman, the CEO of the Capital Area Food Bank.

Roman says about half of the people that the CAFB serves have high blood pressure or other cardiovascular conditions, and about one in four clients have diabetes in their households. Given the epidemic of lifestyle and diet-related diseases, "we have a moral obligation to get our act together," Roman says.

Other food pantries are following a similar strategy. At the Share food pantry in McLean, Virginia, there's an effort to limit how many donations of sugary calories it accepts from donors such as supermarkets and restaurants.

"We've gotten calls from grocery stores saying, we have one-hundred cupcakes or sheet cakes, will you take them?" Therese Dyer-Caplan of Share told us. "The answer is no."

Share accepts pies during the holidays, since families enjoy a treat. Dyer-Caplan says she also accepts breads and a limited number of baked goods, but she tries to shift the overall balance towards healthier items.

So, where does Share find the kind of donations they're looking for? It turns out, the elementary school across the street has become a key partner, giving the food pantry about a hundred pounds of foods each week.

The donations are unopened leftovers from the cafeteria that would otherwise be tossed out. "Everything from cheese sticks, yogurts, and milks," gets donated says David Duggal, a 6th grader at Franklin Sherman Elementary. There's also hummus and fresh fruit, including apples and bananas. "It's a lot of food!"

"It's a win-win," says Josh DeSmyter, Assistant Principal at the school. He says the food no longer goes to waste, and the students learn the value of helping others.

Student Nicola Hopper says he thinks this is a big improvement. He says he felt guilty before they started donating their leftovers. "All of it just got wasted."

There are lots of reasons kids don't eat everything on their trays. They either pack too much, don't like what the cafeteria is serving, or they don't have time to eat everything.

Once a week the students haul all the food they've collected over to the food pantry to be distributed.



After every lunch period student volunteers carry food collected for the Food Bus program over to a designated refrigerator.

The idea to recover unused food from elementary schools is the brainchild of a mom in this school district. When she visited her kids' own school several years ago, she was shocked by how much food was wasted.

"It was a mountain of food and it had to be tossed out. That was the regulation," says Kathleen Dietrich, founder of Food Bus. For food safety reasons, Dietrich explains, most school cafeterias don't allow food that's been purchased to be returned to the line. This means, in most cases, once a food is on a student's tray, it must be eaten or tossed.

At Franklin Sherman elementary alone, there's more than 3,000 pounds of food that is now salvaged during the school year. And when you consider that there's thousands of schools around the country, many of which are also tossing away food, "It's a lot of waste," Dietrich says.

Dietrich was determined to help solve the problem. She arranged to have the students start collecting their unopened





VICTORIA MILKO/NPR

Student Nicola Hopper, 11, and Jake Hensley, 11, load milk cartons and other food collected by students at Franklin Sherman Elementary School into crates to be taken across the street to Share food pantry at McLean Baptist Church.

leftovers instead of throwing them away. She also arranged to purchase extra refrigerators to store the perishable items. Once a week the students haul all the food they've collected over to the food pantry to be distributed.

At the Share food pantry, Therese Dyer-Caplan says the donations from the students are a godsend. "We're so grateful, and our clients are so grateful."

The model is spreading. Dietrich started the program in her own children's school. Now, it's up and running in more than 40 schools across the country.

Dietrich has developed a toolkit to help schools get started. Each school must have refrigerators to store the food, and they need to find a local food pantry that can accept the donations.

Nancy Roman, at the CAFB, says she's thrilled to see more organizations popping up around the country that are focused on recovering nutritious food that would otherwise go to waste. Food Bus's mission fits nicely with the goal of the food pantry community - which is to provide healthier food.

"Everybody understands we need to eat better," Roman says. And the foods that Food Bus schools are distributing - everything from fruit to cheese to hummus - are exactly what many food banks are looking for.

"I'll take hummus over sheet cake any day," Roman says.



Allison Aubrey is a correspondent for NPR News, where her stories can be heard on *Morning Edition* and *All Things Considered*. She's also a contributor to the *PBS NewsHour*.

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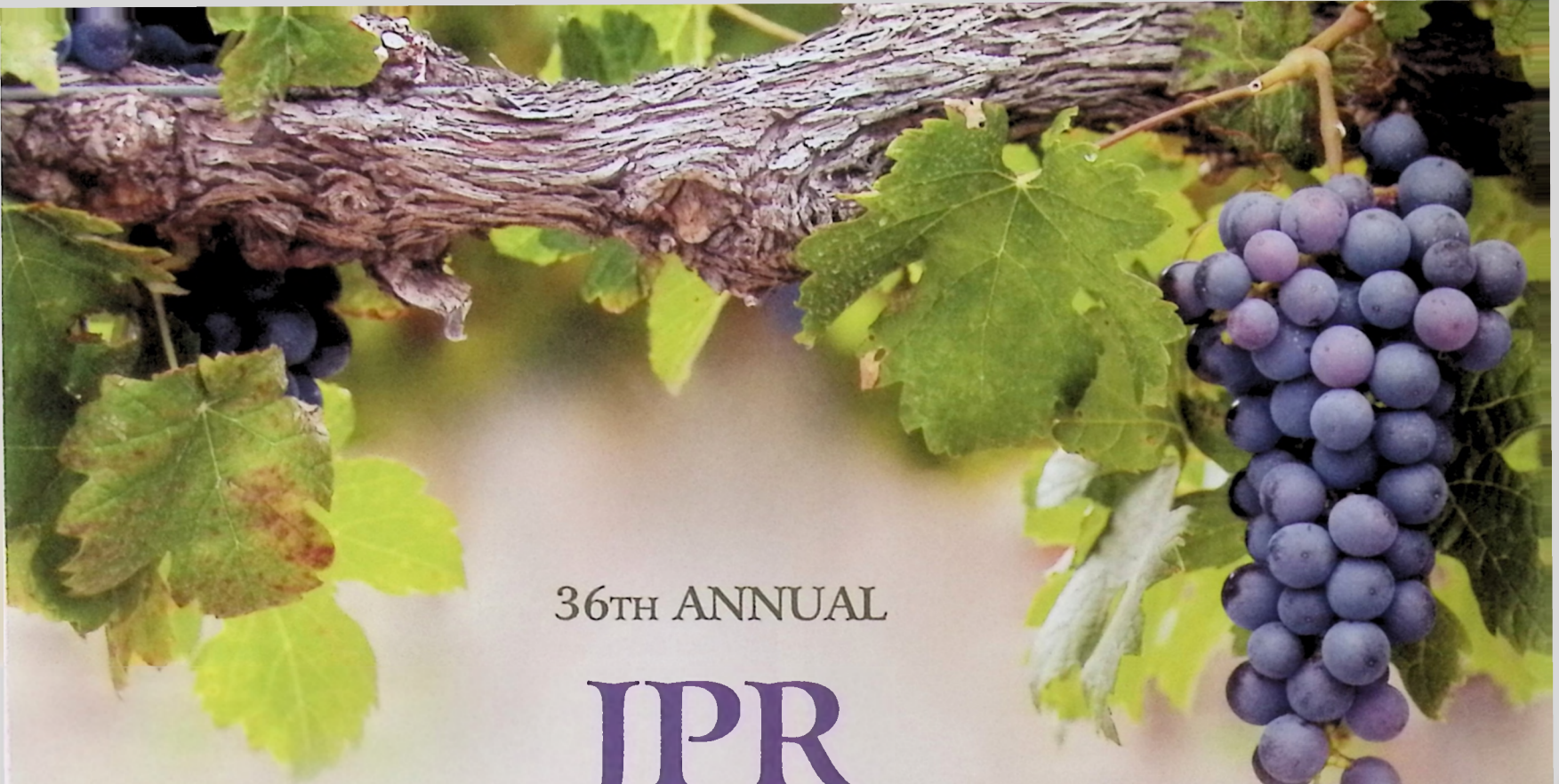
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# Bay Leaf Creme Brulee

**F**or this recipe you must put bay's association with stews and stocks out of your mind. The flavor of the fresh leaves is full of sweet spice. When I was dining at a small restaurant in Sussex, England, I had a wonderfully subtle bay leaf custard for dessert, and I learned there is a long history of bay being used to flavor sweet custards or rice pudding before vanilla was widely available. I like to use both. Fresh bay gives the custards a warm comforting flavor with hints of nutmeg and citrus and perfectly complements the crisp caramelized topping. Most important, it's subtle enough to be respectful of this classic dessert's simplicity.

## Ingredients

2 cups whole milk, plus additional 2 tablespoons if needed, or substitute low-fat (2%) milk for a slightly less rich custard

2 cups heavy cream

12 fresh bay laurel leaves, cracked (not California bay or dried bay leaves)

½ vanilla bean, split and scraped, or 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

3 large eggs

5 large egg yolks

¾ cup granulated sugar

¼ teaspoon salt

About ¼ cup turbinado sugar

**Prep time:** 15 minutes  
**Cook time:** 30–45 minutes,  
plus 2½ hours of chill  
time, divided  
**Total time:** About an hour,  
active  
**Yield:** 8 servings

## Instructions

**Molds:** Arrange 8 6-ounce ramekins in a shallow baking pan large enough so that they don't touch.

**Infuse the cream:** Pour the milk and cream into a 2-quart saucepan and bring it to a boil over medium-high heat. Add the bay leaves and vanilla bean, if using, push them under the surface of the liquid with a spoon, and immediately remove the pan from the heat. Cover the pan and steep for 30 minutes. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve into a large liquid measuring cup, pressing down firmly on the herbs to extract all the liquid from the leaves. Add fresh milk if needed to measure 4 cups.

**Custards:** Preheat the oven to 325 degrees. In a medium mixing bowl, whisk together the eggs, egg yolks, granulated sugar, salt, and vanilla extract, if using, until smooth. Stir in the infused cream. Strain the custard through a fine sieve into a large pitcher or liquid measuring cup, then pour it into the ramekins, filling them almost to the top. Set the pan on the center oven rack and pour in enough hot tap water to come about ½ inch up the ramekins. Bake the custards until just set but still jiggly, 30 to 45 minutes. Don't let the custards bubble. The most crucial step is to pull them from the oven at just the right moment, but the baking time can vary greatly depending on the temperature of the custard when it was poured, so check them often. If your oven bakes unevenly, you might need to check each one individually. Refrigerate the custards until chilled, at least 2 hours.

**Caramelized topping:** Preheat your oven broiler to high with the oven rack 4 to 5 inches from the heat source. Just before serving, sprinkle the surface of the custards with a thin layer of turbinado sugar, using about ½ tablespoon for each. Shake the ramekins to even the sugar out. Broil the custards until the sugar caramelizes and turns a deep golden brown, but don't let them blacken. Crème brûlée means burnt cream but don't interpret the name literally.

**Note:** If you have a propane or butane torch, it will give you more control for caramelizing the topping. Hold the nozzle of the torch with a medium flame 2 to 3 inches from the top of each custard so that the tip of the flame touches the sugar and slowly move it in a circular motion until the sugar is evenly caramelized.

Adapted from *The Herbfarm Cookbook* by Jerry Traunfeld

Lynne Rossetto Kasper is host of *The Splendid Table* heard on JPR's *Rhythm and News Service* Sundays at 9am.






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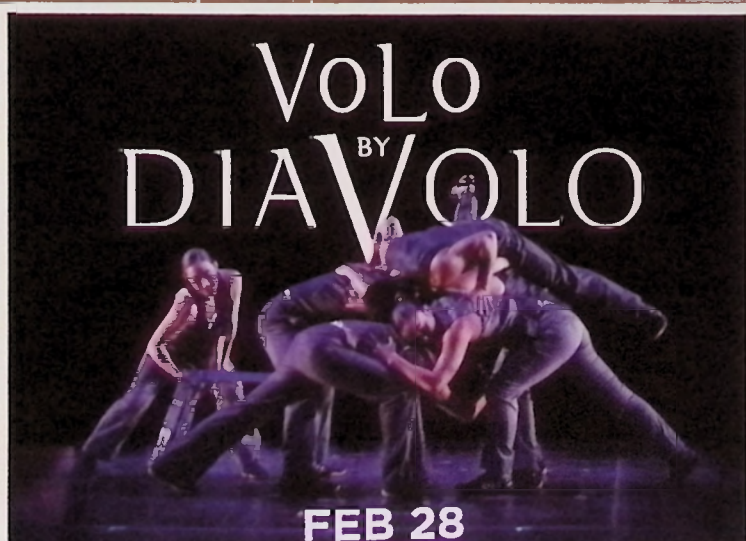
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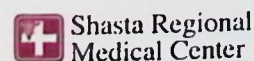
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*As It Was* is a co-production of Jefferson Public Radio and the Southern Oregon Historical Society. The series' script editor and coordinator is Kernan Turner, whose maternal grandmother arrived in Ashland in 1861 via the Applegate Trail.

*As It Was* airs Monday through Friday on JPR's Classics & News service at 9:30am and 1:00pm; on the News & Information service at 9:57am and 9:57pm following the *Jefferson Exchange*.

## Nomadic Shelters Become Modern Yurts In Oregon Parks

By Charles Ter Bush

**B**eginning in 1994, round, wood-framed shelters called yurts began dotting campsites in Oregon State Parks. Today there are more than 200, complete with heat and electricity. Felt-covered yurts originated in Mongolia, but the move from nomadic shelter to Oregon campsites involves a U. S. Supreme Court justice and Oregon foresters.

In 1962 a New Hampshire high school teacher, Bill Coperthwaite, read a National Geographic article on Mongolia by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Intrigued, Coperthwaite had his students build a yurt roof to illustrate the mathematics of its curves, and later built a complete yurt in Grass Valley, Calif.

During the 1970's, the Eugene-based Hoedad reforestation cooperative used yurts as shelter. A former member, Alan Bates, founded Pacific Yurts in Cottage Grove, building modern yurts with NASA-designed insula-

tion, modern fabric coverings and aircraft cable supports. In 1993 Oregon State Parks employee Craig Tutor saw the Pacific Yurts' display at the Oregon State Fair. As Tutor said, "Something just started clicking in my brain... The whole purpose of this program wasn't for summer campers, it was for off-season tent campers."

Oregon's yurts are often booked solid for a year. They've come a long way from Mongolia.

SOURCES: Kemery, Becky. "Yurtstory: the history of yurts ancient and modern." Turinfo.org, Jeff Capron Inc., 2016, [www.yurtinfo.org/yurt-story-the-history-of-yurts-ancient-and-modern](http://www.yurtinfo.org/yurt-story-the-history-of-yurts-ancient-and-modern). Accessed 24 Oct. 2016; Coperthwaite, William S. "Building a Modern Yurt." Mother Earth News Mar./Apr. 1971, [www.motherearthnews.com/print?printid=%7BE5113505-3FA6-4EFA-9D65-A18B13E9719A%7D](http://www.motherearthnews.com/print?printid=%7BE5113505-3FA6-4EFA-9D65-A18B13E9719A%7D). Accessed 24 Oct. 2016; "Yurt revolution began on the Oregon coast." Oregon Statesman Journal, 10 Dec. 2014 [Salem, Ore.].

## Love Family Survives Mountain Ordeal In 1853

By Alice Mullaly

**J**ohn S. Love, his two brothers and their widowed mother started out with other friends from Pennsylvania to Oregon in April 1853.

At Fort Boise, they and 1,000 others joined a wagon train led by Elijah Elliott on a short cut to the Willamette Valley. They lost their way after discovering a promised road had not been built across the Cascade Mountains. Wagons and cattle were lost and people nearly starved in the rain and snow.

The family settled in the Willamette Valley, but Love left for the gold mining town of Jacksonville in 1854. He and John Bilger started a business making implements needed by the miners and settlers.

In 1858 his mother came to live with him. Love hired Mary Anne Harris to care for her,

and two years later married her daughter Ann Sophia.

During the Civil War, Love, a staunch Unionist, was elected county commissioner.

In 1867, Love died of tuberculosis, leaving Ann Sophia a widow with three young children and another on the way.

More about John and Ann Sophia Love and other pioneers of Jacksonville is available in material kept at the Southern Oregon Historical Society research library in Medford, Ore.

SOURCE: Bunch, Judie. *The John S. Love Family in Jacksonville, Oregon 1854-1869*. Talent, Oregon: Pearl Tea Publishing, 2016. 1-31. Print.



# POETRY

NAOMI SHIHAB NYE

## Hello, Palestine

In the hours after you died,  
all the pain went out of your face.  
Whole governments relaxed  
in your jaw line.  
How long had you been away  
from the place you loved best?  
Every minute was too much.  
Each year's bundle of horror stories:  
more trees chopped,  
homes demolished,  
people gone crazy.  
You'd turn your face  
away from the screen.  
At the end you spoke  
to your own blood  
filtering through a machine.  
*We'll get there again, friend.*  
When you died, your long frustration  
zipped its case closed.  
Everyone in a body is chosen  
for trouble and bliss.  
*At least nothing got amputated, I said*  
and the nurses looked quizzical.  
*Well, if only you had seen his country.*

Born to a Palestinian father and an American mother, Naomi Shihab Nye grew up in St. Louis, Jerusalem, and San Antonio. Drawing on her Palestinian-American heritage, the cultural diversity of her home in Texas, and her experiences traveling in Asia, Europe, Canada, Mexico, and the Middle East, Nye uses her writing to attest to our shared humanity. She is the author or editor of more than 30 books, including *19 Varieties of Gazelle: Poems of the Middle East* (finalist for the National Book Award), *Words Under the Words*, *Fuel*, *Transfer*, and *You & Yours*, as well as the award-winning children's books *Honeybee* and *The Turtle of Oman*.

A chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, Nye has received Lannan, Witter Bynner, and Guggenheim Fellowships, and her work has been featured on National Public Radio and two PBS specials, including *The Language of Life* with Bill Moyers.

On Monday, February 13, at 7:30 p.m., Naomi Shihab Nye will give a public reading at the Chautauqua Poets and Writers

## At Mother Teresa's

Finally there are enough people to hug!  
A room of two-year-olds with raised arms...  
we swing them into the air,  
their grins are windows  
in a city of crumbling walls.  
One girl stays in the corner  
crouched over her shoes.  
Hard to keep shoes in this world,  
people steal them, they walk away.  
Her flaming hair is a house  
she lives in all alone.  
When I touch it she looks up,  
suspicious, then lifts  
a stub of chalk from her shoe.  
Makes three jagged lines on the floor.  
Can I read? I nod rapidly,  
imagining *love me, love me, yes,*  
but she is too alone to believe it.  
Her face closes. I will never guess.

*Calcutta*



Naomi Shihab Nye

CREDIT: HA LAM

Series at Mountain Avenue Theater, Ashland High School.  
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through [www.chautauquawriters.org](http://www.chautauquawriters.org).

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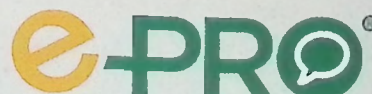
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